

ORIGINAL
ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE
DUKE OF KINGSTON
AND

MISS CHUDLEIGH,

Alias Mrs. HARVEY, alias COUNTESS of BRISTOL, alias
DUCHESS of KINGSTON:

INTERSPERSED WITH
MEMOIRS of several of the NOBILITY and GENTRY
now living.

Written in a Series of Letters to a Gentleman,

BY

THOMAS WHITEHEAD,

Many Years Servant to the D^{UKE} of KINGSTON, and now
MUSICIAN at BATH.

" ——— nothing extenuate,
" Or set down aught in malice."

SHAKESPEARE.

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ORIGINAL
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WASHINGTON
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1882



THOMAS W. LITTLE
LONDON
1882

Presented to the British Museum
by the Hon. the Secretary of State
for the Colonies
1882

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Letters were written at the desire and for the amusement of a particular friend. The author having since been much reduced, both in health and circumstances, was advised to publish them, as a means of adding to the little he now gets by his profession. He was encouraged in this idea by the rapid sale

iv A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

sale of a book, entitled, Authentic Memoirs, &c. containing but a collection from old news-papers and magazines. However, he never would have troubled the world with the present publication, but for some disappointments and ill-treatment he experienced; which the reader will discover in the body of the work. Thus candidly confessing the motives that induced him to appear in print, he relies on the public for protection; acknowledging his incapacity as an author, but assuring them, that, as this is the *first*, so shall it be the *last time* of his appearance in that character.

ANECDOTES, &c.

LETTER I.

To W. M. Esq.

S I R,

THE friendship you have ever expressed for me has induced me (though very inadequate to the task) to attempt fulfilling the request you made, when I last had the honour of seeing you at — House. I shall not apologize for my style

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and

and manner, as I am persuaded you will readily excuse my literary defects. Without farther preface, therefore, I shall observe, that it must appear very strange to the public the late Duke of Kingston should marry Miss Chudleigh, as she called herself, who was really at that time Countess of Bristol; being married, many years before, to Lord Bristol, then Captain Harvey, of the navy. They were married at Lanston, at a church, or chapel, close to the house of John Merrill, Esq. near Winchester, in the county of Southampton; where they slept together the same night, as Mrs. Craddock proved upon the trial in Westminster Hall. She says the Captain was obliged to be with his ship the next morning at Portsmouth; and when she went into the room to call

1

him

him early, according to his request the night before, she found them so sound asleep, that it was a pity to disturb them. I only mention this circumstance to prove her imposition on the world so many years, while maid of honour; and even to the day of her marriage with the Duke, as Miss Chudleigh. She had great influence over his Grace; the Duke doted on her; she knew it well, and took the advantage of it, by tying him down, so that whenever she should prove herself a *single woman*, he should either marry her, or forfeit ten thousand pounds per ann. during her life. Some few years before her second marriage, she was informed that the Captain paid his devoirs to Miss Moysey, of Bath; and soon after, she received a message from him, begging

her consent to a divorce, and promising her a handsome gratuity. Her answer was, not all the powers on earth could, or should, persuade her to it; that she would keep as she was, on purpose to plague him. She knew she had the Duke fast in her toils, and began about this time to set her art to work. She took a journey to Lanston, for the certificate of her marriage with Captain Harvey: being arrived at the house of the Rev. Mr. Aurefs (the clergyman that performed the ceremony), Mrs. Aurefs informed her she could not be admitted to see her husband, as he was given over by the physicians; they did not expect his life from one minute to the other. This was no hindrance to her, as she soon forced herself into his room, and accomplished her

her wish. This point being gained, her cunning soon made her mistress of the Register-book; the leaf of which, that mentioned her marriage, she tore out. Being thus possessed of both certificate and register, on her return to Town, she employed Dr. Collier, of Doctors-Commons, and defied the Captain. "Now," says she, "I can either be Countess of Bristol, or Duchess of Kingston, which I please." Dr. Collier's harvest now began: he was continually invited to dinners, and jaunts to Pierrepont-Lodge; in short, nothing could be done without the Doctor. These intimacies continued till the marriage of her and the Duke became no secret; the rumour of which reaching the Bishop of Bristol's ears in Ireland, he hurried over to prevent it, if

not too late; well knowing, should it take place, it would give his brother an opportunity of marrying Miss Moysey, of Bath, which (should they have issue) would prevent his (the Bishop's) children from enjoying the paternal estate, the Captain being the eldest brother. Miss Chudleigh soon received intelligence of the Bishop's arrival in London: this set her wits to work, to find the Duke of Kingston, and be married that very day; which she effectually accomplished.

I make no doubt Sir, but you think it extraordinary odd, as Captain Harvey wanted to get a divorce, that he did not endeavour to prove a crim. con. with the Duke; but that would have been impossible, unless she had been pregnant while

while with the Duke, his Grace being always on his guard, and so extremely cautious, that the twelve years before he married, I never saw him *kiss her lips*, not even when he took leave of her at Harwich, at her taking shipping for Saxony, to pay a visit to the Electress; nor at her return to England, I being present each time. He took particular care to bolt his chamber-door, on going to bed, either in town or country: indeed, when Miss C—— had been at Thoresby, or Pierrepoint-Lodge, the house-maids have frequently brought me a white pocket handkerchief of *the Duke's*, which they said, with a smile, they found in making *her bed*. I believe this to be the strongest proof he could have obtained, had he sued for a divorce.

I shall intrude no farther at present,
but by desiring you to believe me, Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

T. W.

LET

LETTER II.

To W. M. Esq.

S I R,

THE day of marriage, which ought to be the beginning of happiness, proved the beginning of sorrow to the Duke; which will appear in the following facts. The ceremony was performed in the Duke's dressing-room, at his Grace's house in Arlington-street, in the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, about eight o'clock in the evening, on the eighth day of March, 1769.

In

In the morning of that day, Sir James Laroche waited on the Duke to breakfast, and take a walk into the city, which they frequently did. About one o'clock the same day, Miss C—— called in her vis-a-vis, to enquire if the Duke was at home. The porter informed her of his going out with Sir James. She immediately departed in search of him, and at about half past three (which was his Grace's usual time of coming home to dress) returned again, seemingly much agitated. The porter was ordered to call Whitehead. When I came to her, she asked if I knew where the Duke was gone. I told her he was gone into the city, with Sir James; but to what part I knew not. She ordered her carriage to turn about and go to Knightsbridge. It was near five o'clock before his

Grace

Grace and Sir James returned, which was very late, as he seldom exceeded the hour of four. In about an hour she returned, and was ushered into the Duke's apartment, he being just come home. Ten minutes afterwards all the footmen and chairmen were dispatched to different parts, for lawyers, clergymen, &c. &c. and in two hours they were all assembled. Just before the ceremony began, I was desired to inform those upper servants who wished to see it performed, that they might go into the Duke's dressing-room. I believe not one of his Grace's servants, except myself, took advantage of this invitation; nor should I, had it not been by his command; for it was to me the worst ceremony I ever saw in my life. When it was over, the Duke desired me to order his coach
 imme-

immediately, at the same time told me to put up his dressing things, and a few other articles, to send to Knightsbridge, and to be there myself as soon as possible. This being settled, and the company all departed, I took leave of my good twelve years fellow-servants, to mix with others whom I knew to be hypocritical, and at a house where I durst speak my mind to no one, except a footman that went with us. By the time I got to this unwelcome place to me, the dinner and supper (being one meal) was brought into the steward's, or rather the housekeeper's room. You may believe me, Sir, when I tell you that I had but little stomach to this repast, though that was the last day of my board wages. The first toast given was, "May the
 " single be married, and the married hap-
 " py !"

“py!” As I could not dissemble, I took the liberty to change it to “May the married be single, and the single happy!” They seemed thunder-struck, but asked me no questions. Soon after I was shewn the Duke’s dressing-room, when the maid gave me a night-cap for his Grace, trimmed with the finest point lace. “What is this?” said the Duke to me, when he came to undress. I answered, “The Duchess sent it, and desired your Grace would wear it.” This was the first time I had the honour of calling her *Duchess*: it was uttered very faintly. The next morning he did not look with that cheerfulness as usual the twelve years before: I never saw him appear so dejected. When I went to dress him, he presented me with the cap, saying, “Here, Whitehead, take this; never
“ let

"let me see it again." Alas ! I thought *the cap would not fit him*. This morning the maids were whispering and tittering to each other. I soon arrived at the bottom of the secret, which was this : The Duchess undressing the wedding night, speaking to her maid, says, "What do you think, Sally ?"—" I don't know, *Ma'am*."—" *Ma'am*, indeed ! Don't you know that I am now a *Duchess* ? I desire therefore you will remember for the future to pay the respect due to my rank, by answering me, Yes, or no, and please your *Grace* ; or, I will, and please you, my *Lady Duchess*." The girl begged pardon, and promised to remember her Grace's instructions. "Well then," rejoined the Duchess, "you must know, Sally, the Duke is *now* going to enjoy what he
 " has

“ has been many years soliciting for.”
 The girl wondering at the expression, made
 no reply ; but smiled, and thought to
 herself that his Grace had made that road
 pretty easy, *many years before.*

For a few months after, the time was
 chiefly taken up in preparing the Duchess's
 wedding suit, for her appearance at
 Court. She was so loaded with jewels,
 pearls, &c. that she could scarcely move :
 indeed, it was thought that no bride ever
 appeared at St. James's so richly dressed.
 When the bustle of visiting, &c. was
 over, the Duke made his will, and it
 was signed at Kingston-house, by three
 very *creditable, respectable men.* These,
 Sir, were L**s, a linen-draper, who
 then kept a shop not a hundred miles
 from

from Coventry-street, Hay-market ;
 Sip*****i, a performer on the violoncello,
 since turned wine-merchant ; and one
 E***s, an apothecary at Knightsbridge.
 These gentlemen, it was observed, might
 have done well enough for a cobbler, not
 for a duke : but indeed they were of the
 Duchess's acquaintance ; the two last tra-
 velled abroad with her a few years before
 the Duke married, and were very neces-
 sary attendants ; for often at dinners, her
 Grace, willing to convince her guests of
 the goodness of her viands, would con-
 tinue to eat, till nature, overcharged,
 brought on a vomiting : she then retired
 to the next room to ease her stomach,
 where she found the apothecary very use-
 ful in creating a second *appetite*. This she
 never failed to indulge, to enable her to
 swallow

swallow her usual quantity of Madeira, which I find (poor lady!) she stuck to in her last moments in France. The Jew musician used to attend her Grace after an extra glass in the afternoon, while she dozed on the sofa. She had an excellent strong tone through her nostrils when asleep, which overpowered his instrument; but while awake, rather through her throat, piano. Now I am writing about the Jew, I cannot help mentioning a circumstance that happened at Thoresby. Sip*****i had a very pretty wife, whom Zop***i, a portrait-painter, was very fond of. They were invited to spend a few weeks at Thoresby-house. The Jew and his wife came first. In about three days the painter arrived. The room was shewn him where to sleep. Some time after supper, when the

C

ladies

ladies were withdrawn, he told the Duke he was much fatigued with his journey, and begged his Grace's permission to retire to bed. The servant was called to light him to his chamber. He took the candle ; said he would not trouble the servant, as he could find the way himself. The gentlemen made the poor Israelite, who remained, quite mellow, he being fond of his glass. At twelve o'clock he took leave of the company, to go to his pretty partner : but you may guess, Sir, his disappointment when he found her door fast. He knocked several times, and was answered at last by his wife, that he could not sleep with her *that night*, as Mr. Z—— was there ; he must therefore go to *his* room opposite. This did not please poor Sip——i : he still kept thumping, and made such a noise, that

that several of the footmen came out of the servants-hall, which was at the bottom of the stairs, near the Jew's apartment. They listened, and heard the Painter give him a good drubbing, compelling him to retire to the other room ; which when effected, Z——i returned to the beautiful Jewess for the remainder of the night. It was supposed, by the Jew's taking this affront so quietly, that he had been used to such disappointments by more of Hagar's offspring than the Painter. The neighbourhood soon heard of the affair : it became the tea-table conversation ; not without some additions, as stories of this kind seldom lose by travelling. The discovery soon roused the Jew, his Wife, and the Painter. In a few days they set out for London. The Duke's good-nature order-

ed his post-chaise and four to take them to Nottingham, which was twenty-three miles over the forest. The post-boys declared, the story had reached the Black-moor's-head (the inn the Duke used to put up at) before them: here they took the stage, and pursued their journey home.

Another circumstance occurs to my memory, that happened at the same place, which I was an ear witness to. Sip—— had been abroad with the Dukes, when Miss Chudleigh, to Saxony. Some time after her return, she brought him down with her to Thoresby. In a few days afterwards they had some high words: they both passed me, Miss C—— enquiring for the Duke, to tell him of the Jew's ill treatment of her. S—— in answer called her

W—C,

w—e, saying, “D—n ye, madam, you
 “know that I know you well ; I will in-
 “form the Duke of your tricks abroad.”

He then walked off to another part of the house, whither she followed ; and though in the greatest fury imaginable, yet her guilt soon convinced her it was found policy to effect a reconciliation. This was soon accomplished ; for at supper, that night, there appeared as much cordiality and good-nature between them as ever. Disimulation was not utterly unknown to S——, nor was Miss C—— a novice in the art : she was a match for the Jew, or the Devil.

I am Sir, &c.

T. W.

LETTER III.

To W. M. Esq.

S I R,

I THINK I cannot amuse you better at present, than by giving you a description of the coach ordered for the Saxony journey, as mentioned in my last letter. It was bespoke of Mr. Wright, in Long-acre. You must observe, this was Miss C——'s first journey thither, while she was maid of honour. There was not a foreign ambaffador at our court, but Miss C—— provided an entertainment for, at some time or other; amongst whom was

one

one from the Electress of Saxony. The high character he gave his mistress of Miss C——, induced her Highness to send her a pressing invitation to her court, which she readily accepted. Accordingly, the carriage was ordered of Mr. W——, as aforesaid. This was to convey her over the Alps, &c. in her continental journey : it was to hold four or five persons on occasion, to be made very strong, without a box ; instead of which, a large trunk was contrived to hold her clothes, with a seat on the cover, having elbows, and a back like an easy chair : it was fixed on the spring of the fore-carriage. Her domestics were a man servant of her own, and the Marquis, of Granby's hussar, who, by permission of the Marquis attended her through that country, he being well

acquainted with it, having been in the German service some time before. He was a very active, clever, handsome fellow, and a great favourite with the Marquis, so that he always attended him wherever he went; he was with him at his unfortunate death, afterwards, at Scarborough. I need not acquaint you, Sir, that the Marquis was one of the most free-hearted noblemen, both in housekeeping and private charities: 'tis pity this should accelerate his much-lamented death, which certainly was the case. I shall proceed (begging your pardon for this small digression) to mention Miss C——'s other attendants. She had at that time a Miss Bate, daughter of Capt. Shuckburgh's wife, by a former husband, and sister of Sir George Shuckburgh: she was her companion many
years

years before, and a few years after her marriage with the Duke, but was obliged at last to take French leave, owing to the ill treatment she received. This was about a year after I quitted the Duke's service for the same reason, and came to reside in Bath. There was likewise companion to Miss C—— at the same time, a Miss Penrose, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Penrose, of Penryn, in Cornwall: of both these ladies I intend to give you some account hereafter. To proceed: her other companions on this journey were, Mr. E***s, apothecary, and Mr. Sip——i, the Jew musician, as before mentioned. Part of the seat of her carriage was ordered to be made in the form of a night-stool, but open at the bottom, for the convenience of letting in fresh air: the other part was used as a
case

case for holding a few bottles of her favourite liquor Madeira, with some other cordials equally necessary to her comfort on such long stages. Now, Sir, when Miss C—— was taken with symptoms that made it necessary to open the ventilator, the apothecary and Jew were ordered to mount upon the trunk before, to give an account of the country, and what fine mansions were near the road worth seeing. If she found the symptoms likely to produce foul air, the servant and huffar (who were on horseback) were likewise ordered to keep on before the carriage, till the storm was subsided. That summer, the Duke visited Weymouth for the pleasure of bathing: this place his Grace was very fond of: he much regretted the absence of Miss C——, being a very shy man, and
not

not fond of new faces. Miss Bell Chudleigh, her cousin, was then at Weymouth (her mother lived about twenty miles from thence, at Chalmington, twelve miles from Dorchester). Whether she was placed there to watch the Duke, or not, I cannot say; but I am certain they need not have doubted his constancy, as I could, I think, safely swear, that he never knew any other woman after his first connection with Miss C——; an instance of fidelity, which but few in his Grace's situation would have shewn for her. Miss Bell had some ladies with her, whose names I have now forgotten: she was the only female his Grace visited during his stay there; he generally rode in the morning, after bathing, until dinner-time, and in the afternoon paid Miss Bell a visit to tea. The
Duke

Duke was ever fond of keeping good hours; and as I wish as much as possible to imitate so worthy a master, it being now ten o'clock at night, I shall only beg leave to subscribe myself,

Yours, &c.

T. W.

LET-

LETTER IV.

To W. M. Esq.

S I R,

HAVING in a former letter mentioned
 ——— the l——d—— (one of the
 persons who signed the Duke's will) in
 terms of disrespect, I think it necessary to
 justify my opinion of him, by relating an
 affair that happened about three years
 after I had settled in Bath.

There was a story then current in Bris-
 tol, that two genteel-looking men, went to
 the inn, near Blaize-castle, in a post-chaise.

While

While dinner was preparing, they amused themselves by viewing the beautiful walks and prospects, with which that place so much abounds. After dinner, they both made love to the waiter; but he not being one of those abominable *creatures*—I cannot call them *men*—rejected their detested courtship: they therefore immediately ordered their carriage to be ready, paid the bill, and desired another bottle of wine. When the man brought it, they began their assault, by forcing down his small clothes, and otherwise ill treating him, too bad to mention. He instantly alarmed the family, who running to know the cause of this outcry, were told by these modest gentlemen (who met them on the stairs), that their waiter was a damn'd insolent fellow. They then jumped into their chaise, and drove
 2 off

off as fast as the horses could draw them. When the landlord was informed of these circumstances, he dispatched a man on horseback, with orders to follow, and trace them to their destination; but he unfortunately took a wrong road: however, the l——-d——- was well known to be one, and to avoid consequences, he immediately decamped for the Continent. Of the apothecary and Jew, I have already given you some traits of character. Pray, Sir, were these proper witnesses to my noble master's will? But the Duchess would have it so. Peace be with her! I hope Heaven will excuse her errors, as easily as I am convinced you will the epistolary ones of, Sir,

Yours, &c.

T. W.

LETTER V.

To W. M. Esq.

S I R,

MISS Chudleigh's second journey to the Electress of Saxony was, I believe, two years only after the first. The Duke was at that time at his seat at Thoresby, and Miss C—— with him on a visit, which she often paid him in the summer when she was not in waiting. She had not been there more than a week, before she received a letter from the Electress, (which was forwarded from her house at Knightsbridge, under cover to the Duke),

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informing

informing her, that her Highness was taken ill of the small-pox, and could not die in peace, without once more beholding her dear Miss Chudleigh, and begging she would immediately set out for her palace. A great bustle now commenced. Miss C—— gave orders to prepare all things for her departure, as she intended to set off that very night for Knightsbridge, which she did. Miss Bate was to attend her; she having been with her, on her first foreign journey.

As I promised in a former letter to give you some further account of this young lady, I think this place not very improper for that purpose. I have already acquainted you with her parentage: she was a very agreeable young

D

woman,

woman. On Col. Shuckburgh's decease, her mother enjoyed the widow's pension till her death, when it was continued to Miss Bate, at the instance of Miss Chudleigh. This was one good act of hers, however, you will say. But, Sir, she afterwards forfeited the applause she would otherwise have deserved, by endeavouring to get Mr. Field the attorney to make a codicil to the Duke's will, wherein he had left Miss Bate £.60 per ann. for her life. This was just before his death. Had Mr. Field consented, the major part of the will would have been set aside, and Miss Bate become one of the sufferers. She was an excellent singer; had a strong, pleasing voice, and a very good method. At Miss C——'s private concerts, she sung with Miss Brent, pupil to the late Dr. Arne;

Arne: their voices were so much alike, that, were you in the next room, you would have found it impossible to distinguish one from the other. Miss Bate sung "The soldier tired," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," most admirably. She resembled Miss Brent as much in stature and features as in voice. Soon after the Duke's death, Miss Bate's ill treatment obliged her to quit the Duchefs, as already related: she came to Bath, and soon married the Rev. Mr. Williams, of Lad-Dock, near Truro, in Cornwall; whom she certainly makes happy, being mistress of an amiable temper and disposition.

Of Miss Penrose I can only say, that she was a beautiful, fine grown young woman, about nineteen or twenty. She

became the favourite of the Duchess, on Miss Bate's leaving her; was with her Grace in France, where she soon experienced the same treatment as her predecessor. This determined her to follow her example; which she accomplished not long after, in getting well married, and returning to her parents in Cornwall.

As the Duchess had now but one maid of honour left (the name her upper maids usually went by), she raised her to succeed Miss Penrose. This young woman she brought from Plymouth: her surname, or parentage, I am unacquainted with, as she always went by the name of Betty. She was of short stature, but had a very pretty face. Betty being with the Duchess, while Miss C——, in Saxony, a footman of hers,

hers, highly favoured on account of his musical abilities (who used to play a second horn to Lilly, whose son the Duchess promoted to be her page afterwards in France), paid his addresses to her: his name was Presly, a German. Betty received his devoirs very favourably, though he was as ordinary a man as ever you saw. Miss C—— was soon informed of their mutual attachment by one of her spies, and poor Betty lost her lover by the following stratagem. Miss C—— sent for Presly, told him she had left something at Calais, which he must return for, as he was the only person she could confide in; desired him to pack up what things he should want on his journey, while she finished her letter, which he must deliver to her steward, Mr. ——,

the instant he arrived. When the steward received it, he found another letter directed to Kingston-house, with orders to send Presly immediately ; which he did, telling him, that what Miss C—— wanted was left there. After refreshing himself, he set off for England, and at Kingston-house delivered it to Mr. Williams : this contained *his discharge* in Miss Chudleigh's own hand-writing ; however, he soon got a much better place. This, Sir, is a long digression. I must beg your pardon, and return to the story.

The Duke, finding Miss C—— was determined to set off that night, ordered his horses to her carriage, to drive her to Nottingham : this, I have observed in a former letter, was twenty-three miles over
the

the forest. It was twelve o'clock when she set out, a very dark night, and not one mile of turnpike road: however, the boys, by going it so often, took her safe to Sims's, the Black-moor's-head, in about five hours. While she was gone this journey, Colonel Litchfield and Captain George Brown were continually with the Duke: these gentlemen had apartments at his Grace's house, whenever he resided in Nottinghamshire: they were both officers in the regiment of light-horse which the Duke raised during the Rebellion in the year 1745, and the first ever raised in England. I believe the Duke's stay at Thoresby, after Miss C——'s departure, might be near three weeks: during that period he appeared more thoughtful than usual. The Colonel and

Captain, guessing at the cause of his uneasiness, took the liberty of addressing him on the subject. " My Lord, Elizabeth, the servant of Miss Chudleigh, is
 " a fine young woman, we wish your
 " Grace would have a connection with,
 " and (if she proves pregnant) marry her.
 " You do not want a fortune, but an heir
 " to your estate : this method, we think,
 " would complete your wishes." The Duke turned a deaf ear to their advice ; Miss C—— so hung on his heart, that it was out of the power of any to persuade him to shake her off. Had he followed their instructions, I think he would have lived many years longer than he did ; as I am confident that he never enjoyed a week's happiness after his unfortunate marriage. This young woman's name
 was

was Elizabeth Skinner: she was (as I have heard the story) left in a basket, when an infant, at the door of Mrs. Chudleigh, then house-keeper at Windfor-castle, who brought her up, and gave her a good education: she was supposed to be the illegitimate child of one of Miss Chudleigh's brothers who was in the army, and killed abroad. At the age of sixteen, Miss C—— took her for one of her maids of honour, as she called her upper maids. Indeed it was currently reported by some people, that she was Miss Chudleigh's *own child by the Duke*; that she lay in of her, at a house she then had at Finchley. If so, she was very deficient in maternal tendernefs, as I really believe she broke the poor girl's heart. She died at Thoresby, the year after the Duke's marriage.

The

The day before her death I went to see her : she told me she was very ill, and, if she quitted this life, she hoped the Duchefs would behave better to her fucceffor. Within half an hour of her deceafe, she fat up in her chamber, but foon desired to be put to bed : she there asked for pen, ink and paper ; which being brought, she took the pen in her hand, attempted to write, and died in a moment. The Duchefs feemed to be fhocked at the news of her death ; ordered every thing to be ready for the funeral, and faid, “ Poor Elizabeth !—She fhall have a monument.” Perhaps her Grace might have befpoke one, but the mafon forgot to make it ; and to her honour be it mentioned, poor Elizabeth was ordered to be buried clofe to the park pales. I faw
her

her grave when I left Thoresby, about three years afterwards: there was no monument or tomb-stone; and should any of her remains be found hereafter, it will be thought (not without reason) she destroyed herself, being interred the north side of the chapel. Excuse, dear Sir, the length of this epistle, and believe me ever

Yours, &c.

T W.

LET.

LETTER VI.

To W. M. Esq.

S I R,

YOU have often heard me mention
Madame La Touche. I saw some lines
written in one of the pavilions, on the
right side of the large cascade, opposite
the southern part of the house at Thores-
by, supposed to be by her : they were,

“ There is a lady in this pavilion who
“ wishes the Duke of Kingston a good
“ wife.”—

“ Give

" Give me the Duke, and ask me what's my bliss ?

" I'd clasp him in my arms, and answer, This—

" I would not part with what my arms enfold,

" For rocks of diamonds, or for hills of gold."

Madame La Touche was a fine comely woman, of a brown complexion, and black hair ; the Duke fell in love with her at Paris, in his younger days. She was the wife of some person of consequence ; an elopement soon took place. A vessel being ready to receive her, the captain, whose name was Joncœur, brought her to England, and had apartments given him by the Duke, at his house in Arlington-street, where he continued till he died ; as he durst not return to France. Madame La Touche did the honours of the Duke's table, *like a duchess*, for many years ; had the love of all the neighbourhood, for her

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bountiful

bountiful disposition; yet she rather added to, than lessened his Grace's fortune, by good œconomy. When Miss Chudleigh began her fascinating arts, his passion for La Touche became cooler every day, till their separation: on her departure for France, there was not a dry eye amongst the poor people near Thoresby. She had a small cottage and menagerie in Cocklewood (which wood is mentioned in the Miller of Mansfield), within view of Allerton, and the church and spire of Edwinstow. Here she used to employ her leisure hours: her chief delight was in pleasing the Duke, and endeavouring to make him happy. What a wide difference between her and her successor! the latter always teasing him for money to throw away in jewels, or other finery, except
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what

what she deposited in the French funds, which was very considerable, and driving his friends from his house and person; whilst the former welcomed them with unaffected complacency and respect. She died in France, about a year or two before the Duke's marriage. The woman servant she took abroad with her was a native of Edwinstow, her name Betty Bean. At her mistress's death, Betty returned to her native village (Madame de Beghn) with an annuity sufficient to keep her for life. In the room where Capt. Joncœur died, hung the portrait of Madame La Touche. When the Duchess, some years after, had taken every thing from Arlington-street house that she chose, this apartment was Mr. Poynter's; she told him he might take that picture.

He

He thanked her Grace, accepted it, and I make no doubt but he has it to this day, in memory of her goodness to the Duke and family. I should have remarked to you, Sir, that after La Touche's elopement from France, the Duke never revisited Paris, for fear of the resentment of her friends : 'tis reported they burnt him in effigy.

A circumstance or two just occurs to my memory, that happened before Miss Chudleigh's marriage with his Grace, which shewed her dislike to me, though for what reason I knew not, as I always payed her proper respect; indeed, rather more before than after she was Duchess. On a journey from the West, we put up at the Red Lion in Bagshot. The moment
I got

I got off my horse I chose a chamber for the Duke. When I had got the bed made, and his Grace's things properly disposed, Miss C—— desired to be shewn the rooms. “Whose room is this?” said she, pointing to the Duke's. When the maid informed her that I had chosen it for his Grace, she began abusing me to her, and her own woman, telling them I was an impudent fellow to dare choose before her. Now, whether this was to blind the chambermaid of the inn, or not, I cannot tell, but should rather think it was, as she fixed upon the very *next room* for herself.

Another time she was with the Duke in Buckinghamshire, at an old mansion that belonged to his estate near Anslip. His Grace sent me to the town, while he took

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an airing on horseback. As I passed through the yard in company of some of Miss C——'s servants, Miss C—— was angling in the well. However incredible this may seem, it is positively true. At my return, she was in the same situation, I do not believe she caught many fish; would to Heaven, her hook had not been better baited for the Duke! When she saw me, she uttered a whole volley of abuse, saying, she would inform his Grace I had taken the servants out drinking all the morning; that I was a sottish, idle fellow. It was in vain to answer her, she would not hear a word. I left her, being certain the Duke would give no credit to this charge, as he well knew I never drank in the morning, nor did he ever see me disguised

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guised in liquor during the whole time
I lived in his service. Accept, dear Sir,
my best wishes for your health, and
believe me

Your very humble Servant,

T. W.

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LET.

LETTER VII.

To W. M. Esq.

S I R,

WHEN Miss Chudleigh quitted her villa at Finchley, she took Percy-lodge, near Colnbrook, for the conveniency of receiving the Duke's visits more privately, till her house was finished at Knightf-bridge: this was a delightful spot, though a few days soon tired them. When this was the case, cold provisions were got ready, to take the next morning to a little farm-house, near Rickmansworth, close to the water, where was the best trout-fish-
ing,

ing, and the largest and finest-coloured fish. Hither they repaired in his Grace's coach, passing away the time till evening, when they returned to Percy-lodge, frequently without catching a single fish. This was the usual jaunt every other day, till Miss C—— was obliged to attend in waiting. The next summer her house at Knightsbridge being finished, Percy-lodge was given up: the piece of water near Rickmansworth was then taken by the Duke, at the yearly rent of £.10 of one farmer Budd, though, poor fellow, he did not deserve the name of *farmer*; for of all the poverty-struck places I ever saw, this was the worst. A new route now took place: the party to Budd's farm set out from London of an afternoon, lying at the White-horse at Uxbridge,

where they met Miss Chudleigh and companion, with a man and maid servant. I took care to provide plenty of cold victuals and beer, that poor Budd's family might have a belly-full (which I believe was seldom the case, but upon these occasions), sending the provisions to the little farm, with plenty of rum for Miss C—— to *put in her shoes*. I have known her use two quarts in a day; being obliged to change her clothes twice or thrice during that time; standing from morning till evening in the wet; sometimes too without catching a single fish. When they began angling, I set about preparing a stew of chickens (always acting as cook on these occasions), which was done in a silver pan, fixed in a box about twice the size of a large tea-chest; keeping it
hot,

hot, till wanted, by an iron heater put in the box. After dinner, by the time the empty things were packed up, and sent away, coffee and tea succeeded; which soon brought on night, when we returned to our inn. This continued sometimes for three or four days successively, if they met with sport. I believe every pound of fish they caught, on an average, cost the Duke five guineas; as he never grudged any expence attending these parties. I knew him pay Lowe, fishing-tackle-maker, in Drury-lane, a bill of £50. Soon after Lowe's death, his executors brought another account of the same articles. I informed his Grace he had paid it to Mr. Lowe himself; that I saw the receipt given at the bottom of the bill; and if he would search the box where those bills

were kept that he paid himself, he would certainly find it. He answered, he did not know where to look for it immediately; but believed he had paid it. However, it did not signify—and he paid it over again: thus he lost fifty pounds. These jaunts to Budd's did not last very long; for, on the purchasing of Pierrepont-lodge, Budd's water was given up, to the poor man's sorrow, and my comfort; for, as Hodge says in the Maid of the Mill, "I had a wearisome time of it."

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To W. M. Esq.

S I R,

A FEW days after the Duke's marriage, his Grace asked me if I knew where Dr. Collier lived. I told him I did not. He directed me, and said, " Take that, it " contains three hundred pounds ; you " must see the Doctor yourself, and give " it into his own hands." Accordingly I waited on him at his apartments in Doctors-Commons. He received me very politely, and desired I might be seated while he examined the contents. On opening

ing the letter, he seemed surpris'd, chang'd countenance several times, and at last told me it required no answer. I believe he expected as many *thousands*, through the influence of the Ducheſs; but her turn was now ſerv'd, his aſſiſtance was no longer wanted, conſequently no more invitations or preſents for the Doctor. I heard him mutter ſomething to another limb of the law, as I went out, intimating, as near as I could underſtand, that he would be even with them yet. In a day or two afterwards we were ordered to remove to Pierrepont-lodge, in Surry, till the preparations were ready for their Graces' appearance at Court. We ſet off, accompanied by Miſs Bell Chudleigh, Miſs Bate and ſervants. The only perſon that ſeemed pleas'd with this journey was
the

the Duchefs; as at every inn we ftopped, the landlord or landlady complimented them with, “ God blefs ye both, my Lady “ Duchefs, and my Lord Duke! May you “ long be happy!” She fmiled with an inward fatisfaction; but the Duke, I believe, had ere this been convinced of his miftake in giving up his freedom to one who was too artful for him: however, it was now too late to reflect. I think I have before informed you, that, from the time of his wedding till I quit- ted his fervice, four years, I never faw him cheerful as before, but always figh- ing and thoughtful. We ftaid at Pierre- point-lodge a fortnight, and then depart- ed for Kingfton-houfe (which was com- monly called before this time Mifs Chudleigh’s), Paradife-row, at Knightf- bridge.

bridge. Her Grace was not much troubled with staying at home, to receive the compliments of the nobility and gentry, as usual on such occasions. Not a single lady of quality or fashion paid her a visit, except the Duchess of Queensberry, and Lady Marham. The latter had been fellow-servant with Miss C——, if I may be allowed the expression, as maid of honour to the Princess Dowager of Wales: her maiden name was Dives.

The next journey we took was to Weymouth, of which place his Grace was particularly fond (as I have remarked before), on account of bathing in the sea. Taking the city of Bath in our way, we stopped some few days at the Abbey Baths, a house belonging to the Duke;
here

here the Duchefs began to unmask and ſhew her authority. She engaged a pair of chairmen, at twelve ſhillings each per week. One week was expired, though their ſtay was to have been but a few days: the ſecond day of the next week, orders were given to prepare for continuing our journey; and the next day, juſt at the Duke's dreſſing-time, the Duchefs ordered me to go to the Mayor, and know of him if ſhe was obliged to pay her chairmen for a fortnight, as ſhe ſhould leave Bath a few days before the time. I thought this very mean, and answered her, I was preparing for his Grace's dreſſing, and begged ſhe would excuſe me from going; that her own ſervants were below, and quite at leiſure. I then left her, and retired to the dreſſing-room, whither

whither the Duke soon followed, and told me her Grace insisted on my going. I therefore obeyed her commands, though much against my will, by waiting on his worship (Mr. Alderman Chapman), who informed me, that, as the agreement stood, the Duchess must certainly pay for the fortnight. I returned, not a little pleased with my answer; told it to the Duke, and heard no more of the affair. The next evening his Grace ordered me to have the carriages, &c. ready by ten o'clock the morning following; he should rise early, he said, and dress, that the Duchess might not wait. Every thing was ready at the time appointed; but her Grace, who ever endeavoured to thwart the Duke's punctuality, dispatched her servants for different tradesmen to shew

her articles which she had no manner of occasion for; thus prolonging the time till one o'clock, when they set off for Weymouth. I believe, during this time, the Duke was up and down stairs fifty times, with gloomy looks, but said nothing; he felt the matrimonial chains gall him severely. It was one o'clock in the morning before we reached our inn; and a dismal one it was, without fires, or lights, the landlord being gone to bed. However, we knocked him up, and continued there till eleven in the morning, when we set out, and arrived at Mrs. Templeman's at Weymouth early in the evening, the lodgings his Grace usually resided at. He bathed but a few times, and did not seem to enjoy the place as formerly. The Rooms, then kept by De la Motte, they frequented

frequented but little, and saw no company during their stay, which was but short. The time now drew near for our return to Kingston-house: the Duke addressed me, saying, "Whitehead, are my things all ready? I shall have the wheels running round to-morrow morning by six o'clock at farthest, as I cannot bear to see so many people crowding about the carriage always when we set off: by going so early, we may avoid them. Call me at five, to give me time to prepare for the journey." Every thing being ready at the time appointed, the Duchess, with her *usual affection for his Grace*, began by throwing all his things she could reach from the coach into the street, and made her footman take out the rest, saying, "What does that fellow mean

" (meaning

“ (meaning me) by incumbering the carriage before *my* baggage is properly disposed of ?” One of the Duke’s footmen came and informed me of what had happened. I immediately acquainted his Grace, though by this time he plainly saw the sport himself : alas ! it was sad sport to him. I never saw him with a more downcast look : he walked backwards and forwards from the porch where the coach stood, to the hall, and never uttered a word till the servant had replaced the different articles. There were by this time near an hundred persons assembled round the door, who witnessed my good Lord’s disgrace. The Duchess then turned with her usual dissimulation to the Duke, saying, “ I am ready ; come, my
 “ dear Lord, shall we go ?” who answered,

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ed,

ed, "My dear Ma'am, if you please,"
 shewing no resentment for his ill treatment. Indeed, he was ever of a placid disposition, and but ill deserved so unruly and so ungrateful a helpmate : but her conscience since (if she had any) must have been her punishment, as assuredly as I remain ever,

S I R,

Your obliged humble servant,

T. W.

LET-

LETTER IX.

To W. M. Esq.

S I R,

WE are now got back to Kingston-house. Nothing happened worth mentioning during this journey. I shall leave the domestic occurrences of Kingston for the present, and give you some account of our next excursion, which was to Plymouth. When we arrived there, a messenger was dispatched from the King's Arms, the inn we put up at, to Mount Gold, a pleasant cot belonging to the widow of Capt. Yeo, to acquaint her of

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their

their arrival. The messenger soon returned, desiring to have the happiness of seeing their Graces, as soon as convenient to them, and that they might bring such of their servants as were most necessary about their persons. The house being so small, could only accommodate two men attendants, and a maid. Accordingly the carriage was ordered to take them, and another for those servants who were to attend. It being but a little distance from Plymouth, we soon arrived at a small, but neat palace, clean and compact, with a most delightful view of the sea in front, Mount Edgcumbe and Plymouth on the right, to the west; and on the east, a view of Mr. Parker's country seat; a gentleman well known on the turf, and famous for breeding many capital racers.

I think

I think no situation can be more delightful, especially at the flowing of the tide. Mrs. Yeo received her visitors with the greatest pleasure; and so hearty a welcome was extended to each of their attendants, that in a few days there seemed a change in every one's countenance: even the Duke began to be cheerful, and lost his usual melancholy. His hostess, by her attention and hospitality, diffused a spirit of love and harmony through the whole house; at least I cannot account for so sudden a change any otherwise. During the whole time of our stay here, which was near three weeks, the weather proved remarkably fine: this gave their Graces an opportunity of enjoying many select parties, both by land and water. One in particular I had the pleasure of being

present at, which was a trip to see the Eddystone Light-house : the late Admiral Spry was of the party : but, to our great disappointment, when we were within a league of the light-house the tide turned. As it was now against us, and the sea rough, the waves running high, the Admiral said it was in vain to attempt to land, and advised them to tack about for the village of Caufand, on the south-east side of Mount-Edgcumbe. He ordered the men to get some lines ready, as they got nearer land, to try for mackerel ; and in the mean time entertained the company with the history of the light-house. He said, two or three men were stationed there for a month, though sometimes it would be two or more before they could be relieved, on account of the difficulty of
getting

getting near the rock; that they had plenty of salt provisions, and other necessities; and, in the winter-time, abundance of every sort of wild-fowl; they pot-down what they can, and use the rest while fresh, throwing the stale ones into the sea. In a dark stormy night, the wind setting off land, if it is within a point or two of the light-house, these birds so darken the windows, that the men are obliged to watch with poles, killing many, and keeping the rest as well as they can from the lights. While the Admiral was thus entertaining us, our men had drawn up some few mackerel, and before we landed they caught about three dozen: some of them were split open, salted, and laid on the deck until we came on shore, when they were broiled. I never ate them in

such perfection before, or since. When the company had sufficiently refreshed themselves, they reimbarked on board one of the Admiral's barges, which was soon at Plymouth, where they landed, well pleased with this little voyage: some few remained here; but the Admiral departed to Stone-house, and the Duke and Duchess to Mount Gold.

One fine warm day, when their Graces were out on a party of pleasure; I had a mind to bathe myself. I took with me a favourite lap-dog belonging to the Duchess, about the size of a rat, with intent to wash him; but keeping him under a little too long, he was to all appearance dead: indeed a tea-cup full of water would have drowned him. Had I com-
mitted

mitted the worst crime on earth, I could not feel more fear for the consequences, as I well knew the Duchefs. However, after holding him up by the hind legs, and rolling him in a cloth, poor Lion (for that was his name) began to cry. I dried him; and before I reached the house he was quite recovered, as was your humble servant of the panic this occasioned. He did not survive this ducking long; for, after our return to Thoresby, one of the maids running along the gallery with the dog in her lap, he gave a spring and fell upon his head, and died on the spot: this was the end of poor Lion.

Our time being now expired at Mount Gold, I had orders from the Duke to
pack

pack up, and bespeak post-horses for the morning following. As there lived a person at Plymouth who was coachman formerly to the Duchess, when Miss Chudleigh, on her quitting her lodgings in St. James's-street, and after she removed to her new house at Knightsbridge, I ordered the horses of him. When they were brought, Black Jack (the nick-name he usually went by) came with his men to see every thing right; taking a saddle-horse for himself, to see his old master and mistress, as he called them, the first stage. The Duke remembered him, and talked to him in the yard some time, After taking leave of our generous hostess, we set off, but had not reached above two miles before the old storm arose; the Duchess ordered her coach to stop, and
asked

asked where was Whitehead? On being told I was in the coach behind, she desired I might be called. When I came to her, she was busily employed in taking the Duke's things out, and strewing them about in the road, as she had done once before. "Pray," said she, "who ordered you to ride in that coach?" I answered, I did not think of hiring a saddle-horse, as there was room for one in the carriage. "No, Sir," said she, "you shall ride upon the box."—Now, Sir, it is proper I should inform you, that the Duke's travelling-coach was made with a box over a large boot; very easy for the footmen to take turns about when on a long journey. I begged her Grace would allow me to go this stage at least as I began. She then began

began with the Duke, who was silent all the time. "There, my Lord," said she (pointing to the articles she had thrown about the road), "your things will be spoiled.—Did you ever see such shameful packing?—I insist that he rides on the box." I immediately walked off to the carriage behind, leaving the good Duke to her fury. Black Jack rode up to me, saying, "D—n the b—h! she has not forgot her old tricks yet." At the next stage his Grace expressed his wishes that I would comply with the Duchess's request, which I readily acquiesced in, as the only means of giving my worthy and honoured master some small cessation from the clamours of an unruly tongue.

As we were now come to Ivy-bridge, it put me in mind of an estate the Duchess used to talk much about; which enabled her, while maid of honour, to live in that style of elegance she did. This estate is within four miles of Ivy-bridge, and called Chudleigh Farm. I believe it may be worth about £.200 per annum, not more. This Sir, was the mighty income that supported her in such splendour.

To proceed: After sleeping here that night, the Duchess ordered the carriage for herself, the Duke, and *one only* of her servants to attend them. I here took no notice of the box, but ordered a saddle-horse for myself, and set off for Exon, where we lay that night at the
hotel,

hotel, and the next morning proceeded
on our journey to Kingston-house ; where
for the present I shall remain

Your obliged humble servant,

T. W.

L E T-

LETTER X.

To W. M. Esq.

S I R,

I SHALL now give you some account of an ungrateful fellow, that was raised from a labourer to be the Duke's bailiff at Pierrepont-lodge. He was first employed as gardener to Miss Chudleigh at Knightsbridge, a few years before her marriage with the Duke. This man's name was Dicks. He had a wife who lived servant to one of the King's footmen, till Miss C—— hired her for house-keeper. On his promotion to be gardener,
 he

he became suddenly a man of consequence, and kept company with those he formerly worked for as labourer. Miss C—— had as good a garden, and as well stocked with fruit and vegetables, as any in Knightsbridge, or within ten miles of the place, as she was often from home, and the servants on board-wages. This fellow would never give them any garden-stuff, though it was contrary to his mistress's express orders, as she desired they might have what was necessary for their use. Being thus treated, they were determined to watch him narrowly. There was a door at the bottom of the pleasure-ground, adjoining the garden, that led into the Brompton-road, where many gardeners lived; by whom he was often noticed on market-days, to load a
cart,

cart, and drive to Covent-garden. They remarked to one of Miss C——'s servants, that it was very mean of their mistress to send her garden-stuff to market for sale, when so many poor gardeners in the neighbourhood were almost starving. They replied, it was entirely without her consent or knowledge. And as this was a discovery they ardently wished for, Dicks was soon after discharged, and obliged to return to his labouring once more, till the Duke bought Clinton-lodge, near Farnham in Surrey, of the Duke of Newcastle, afterwards called Pierrepont-lodge; when this fellow was strongly recommended to his Grace by Miss Chudleigh as gardener, notwithstanding his late dismissal from her service.

The Duke was so delighted with this place, its situation, distance from London, and other circumstances, that he began making many improvements. He built an excellent kitchen and many conveniences, made a good coach-road over the heath to Farnham, and erected a ball-room capable of holding thirty couple to dance with ease : it had two parlours on the south side, and two bed-chambers over them. When all was finished, Miss C—— and a large party of her friends were invited here to spend the Christmas holidays. Warner the harper, and Proffer the violin, both excellent country-dance players, were employed. The first ball began Christmas-eve, which was opened with a minuet by the Duke and Miss C——. His Grace then called the first dance;

dance; on finishing of which, Miss C—— retired to the bottom: he then took the second lady, and so on, till he had danced with every one in the room, which sometimes amounted to thirteen; seldom less than eight or nine: on any deficiency, the upper servants were called to make up the number wanting. This ball continued every night, Sundays excepted, for *one month*. I believe, Sir, you think I now exaggerate a little, but I assure you I do not. A deep snow lay on the ground almost the whole time, so that there was but little stirring out. The ball was generally over at eleven o'clock; and at twelve, after supping, the company retired to their several apartments.

I beg leave now to proceed with the story of Mr. Dicks. The Duke began to employ a great number of men, and Dicks was appointed to overlook and pay them. He likewise bought the hay, corn, &c. and in the course of two or three years was seen at every diversion round the country, elegantly dressed with plate-buttons, and every thing answerable. One day, Mr. Clark, an apothecary of Farnham, called to enquire after the Duke's health. As his Grace was then out a-shooting, I took the liberty of asking the gentleman to refresh himself in the steward's room, which he accepted, and in conversation asked me how his Grace liked the breed of pigs he gave him. He told me they were a particular sort, made a present to him
by

by the Bishop of Winchester, I promised to ask the Duke on his return. When I had given Mr. Clark's message to him, he recollected, he said, the pigs, but never tasted them. This led to an enquiry, wherein it was proved Dicks had sold them, with several litters; and on examining his accounts, not only pigs, but corn and hay, and several other articles, went the same road. He was accordingly discharged: but his good mistress, Miss C——, took him again; and he was with her, after the Duke's marriage, as gardener at Kingston-house. His Grace's dressing-room faced the court-yard where Dicks frequently crossed. I have often heard him fetch a deep sigh, saying, "D—n that fellow, shall I never be rid of him?" I think

nothing can be a stronger proof, that the good Duke was not his own master.

At this time the black boy lived with the Duchess, whom she brought up from the age of five or six years. Whether she bought him, or received him as a present, I know not; but I should rather think the latter. She was so fond of this boy, that she dressed him in an elegant style, taking him with her to most public places she frequented; especially to the play, where he sat in the boxes with her. This was at the time the Beggar's Opera had such a run, and when Miss Brent was the chief vocal favourite with the public. Miss Chudleigh and her party attended almost every night, and drank tea in their box; making such
a noise,

a noise, and disturbing both the performers and the audience so repeatedly, that at last they were determined to rout her. This they effected by giving her a smart paragraph in the news-papers; after which, she was received at the theatre with hissings, groanings, and such strong marks of disapprobation, that she and her whole party were obliged to decamp before the opera was over; not appearing there for some years after.

As the black boy grew up, he was deemed at last too big to be admitted to those favours he formerly enjoyed with his mistress. Instead of riding *in* the coach, poor Sambo was obliged to mount the *outside*. She then put him to school, though to very little purpose,

as he never learned any thing. The servants took advantage of his ignorance, making him a buffoon, and playing him many tricks. He once complained of being ill, and wished to take a vomit. One of the men promised to get it for him in a quarter of an hour; during which they got a quill, and dipped the feathered part into the oblations to the goddess *Cloacina*. When he came to take it, he was ordered to sit down and open his mouth. The feather was then thrust into his throat, which had as much effect as all the emetics of the two Royal Colleges put together. He confessed soon after, that the vomit had quite relieved him of his complaint, being intirely ignorant of the cheat. Another time they crammed a mouse into the throat of a
 large

large perch, which Sambo begged to eat ; and on giving it to him, I saw him eat the fish *raw*, mouse and all. This last affair was the year after the Duke's marriage. Sambo was now eighteen or nineteen years old, and would often (when the Duke and Duchefs were from home) stay out several days and nights at a time. I heard of his haunts, which were chiefly in Hedge-lane, amongst a set of whores and ruffians. At a house of ill fame in the neighbourhood they painted his face with several colours, dressed him in the most *outré* manner, and sent him up and down the street playing his monkey tricks. I thought it my duty to inform his Grace of these particulars, lest the gang this boy was so attached to, might one night, by making him drunk,

get

get him to shew them into the house, and some of the family might have their throats cut. As the Duke found my account of him but too true, Sambo was dispatched in about a fortnight afterwards on a voyage to the West Indies. During his passage he broke open the chest belonging to the captain of the ship; but what became of him, I cannot say; though this I can assure you, it was the only time after the Duke's marriage I ever knew him to be his own master.

I am, dear Sir,

Your very obliged humble servant,

T. W.

LET-

LETTER XI.

To W. M. Esq.

S I R,

IN my last letter I acquainted you of a Christmas spent at Pierrepont-lodge, in Surrey; forgetting at that time the names of the visitors, which now occur to my memory, and were as follow, viz. Miss Chudleigh, Miss Bell Chudleigh her cousin, Miss Bate, Miss Fielding, daughter of the author of Tom Jones, and niece to Sir John Fielding, the Bow-street magistrate; Sir James Laroche and lady;

lady; Captain Moreau, his lady and son; Rev. Dr. Cotton, of Winchester, and son; Colonel Montresor, Governor of Tilbury Fort; and Master Richard Shuckburgh, brother-in-law to Miss Bate, who was a great favourite of Miss Chudleigh's, being brought up with her from an infant in petticoats. When in that state, she frequently took him to the play, where he learned many speeches by heart, repeating them afterwards to Mr. Garrick.

After dinner one day, when the ladies were withdrawn, they sent for Master Shuckburgh to amuse them; who, after he had finished his theatricals, began playing about the room. As he was the youngest of the three boys, they paid no regard
to

to what they said before him. The conversation turning about women with child, and their strange longings, one said, she knew a lady who longed for a peach, and marked her child upon the thigh. Another was acquainted with a person who longed for a pine-apple, marking her infant on the arm. "These instances are
 "nothing," says Miss Chudleigh: "I know
 "a Mrs. C——y, in Dorsetshire, not
 "an hundred miles from Blandford, who
 "longed for a man's ——." The ladies all expressed their surprise; but one of them observing that Miss Tutting of Newmarket, who was companion to the Duchess of Ancafter, was marked with claret quite over one side of her face, "Very
 "true," says Miss Chudleigh: "then where

is.

the wonder of Miss C——y's being marked with a —— on her breast ?" Master Shuckburgh had learned something at school, being educated for the sea service. He soon found out Master Cotton, who was four years older than himself, and a pickled dog; making him acquainted with this strange story. As the ladies' women had just left the steward's room, young Cotton entered; promising for a glass of wine (of which at those times we had plenty) to tell us what Master Shuckburgh had heard. This occasioned a hearty laugh. After tea, when the dancing commenced, as the young wag passed any of us, he said, "What d'ye think
 "of the *goose's neck and trimmings*?"

Miss

Miss Fielding was of a good stature, about twenty years of age, a sweet temper, and great understanding; but in a deep decline. She had been a visitor and companion to Miss C—— for some years. Colonel Montrefor, who was between fifty and sixty years old, paid his addresses to her: and in a few months afterwards they were married; which so displeased Miss C——, that she never saw them after. If the Colonel had not married her, I believe she would never have got a husband; being, poor lady, the colour of a ghost; a mere skeleton, with such coughings and spittings, as would have turned the stomach of a coal-heaver. Her uncle Sir John and Miss C—— were very intimate; so much that

that she and the Duke seldom missed the examination of any felon brought before the magistrate. Indeed Miss C——'s carriage and the Duke's were as well known in Bow-street as any of Sir John's thieftakers. Even the coachmen were ashamed to attend them, waiting so many hours amongst a nest of thieves and thieftakers. Sir John and his lady were invited one summer with Miss C—— and some few more, to spend a week at Pierrepont lodge. As it was very warm weather, Sir John had an inclination to bathe, there being a fine trout river at the south side of the lodge, running by the pleasure ground. I offered my assistance with his man, to attend him. I had often heard the story, how Sir John had
lost

lost his sight in the wars of Venus, having sued the surgeon who pretended to cure him, and recovered a great sum of money. Just before he plunged into the water, ^I was convinced that he had lost likewise the greatest part of another precious member.

Another time, Sir John was invited to Thoresby; where he was much delighted with the amusements it afforded: he was particularly pleased with the yacht, in the large piece of water; climbing up the ratlings, quite to the yard-arm, and feeling out every part of the vessel; thus amusing himself on board for an hour at a time or more. In the evening he was placed by the side of a brook, with a rod and line: I have

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seen

seen him catch perch of a pound weight,
as fast as his servant could bait his
hook.

I remain, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

T. W.

LET.

LETTER XII.

To W. M. Esq.

S I R,

THORESBY, in Nottinghamshire, is one of the most beautiful inland spots in all England ; the park is fifteen measured miles round ; the nearest house to the Duke's is the Inn at Palethorp, belonging to his estate, with a few cottages for labourers. The house is an elegant building, erected by Mr. Carr, architect of York, and finished the year after the Duke married. As his Grace kept race-horses, it was a pretty sight every

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Sunday,

Sunday (the Duke's public day) to see them dressed, with their riders in crimson clothes trimmed with white, to the number of eighteen or more. Westward of the house is a large lake, near a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile broad, with an island near the top. It contained a large flat-bottomed yacht, with a cabin capable of dining twelve persons ; a little sailing-boat, half-decked ; a Dutch one with lee-boards. These were all dressed on public days with their colours. I have often seen them sail round the island and back again ; but the Dutch packet was the fleetest, by reason of the lee-boards, which kept her up to the wind. There was likewise a model of a fifty gun frigate, about fifteen feet long ; with brass guns, and every thing complete.

She

She was built at Jacob's Wells, near Bristol, and purchased by Sir James Laroche for £.1600; who presented her to the Duke, and conveyed her over land to Thoresby, upon a carriage made on purpose. Besides these vessels, there were several Scarborough cobbles, boats, and canoes. When they all moored near the house, at the bottom of the lake adjoining the little battery, they had the appearance of a fleet. The lake emptied itself underground, and appearing again at the end of a riding, formed a beautiful cascade into a round basin; running from thence into a canal, you lost sight of it near the kennels, down a second cascade, till it crossed the high-road from Nottingham to Blithe. The kennels were near a mile from the mansion; by looking through

the arch of which, you had a beautiful view of all the buildings, offices, water, and shipping. The park was stocked with plenty of deer, reckoned the finest flavoured venison in England. There were likewise about eight or ten head of *red deer*; but these latter often straying in the forest of Sherwood, Lord Byron, who then kept the King's stag-hounds, would pursue them into Thoresby-park; which so disturbed the herd, that his Grace was at last determined to destroy them, which he did. Before this happened, his Lordship's hounds had driven one of the outlying red deer into the lake: this was while his Grace was at dinner. As the stag baffled their utmost attempts to take him, Lord Byron sent to the Duke to lend a boat for that purpose. His Grace ordered

ed the Captain of his vessels to lend no boat, or any other assistance; saying, "as the hounds had driven him in, they might drive him out again." His Lordship was not much beloved of the Duke, or any of his neighbours. His Grace could not forget the death of his friend Mr. Chaworth, whom Lord Byron killed at the Star and Garter tavern, Pall-Mall, then kept by Fenmore. Mr. Chaworth breakfasted with the Duke the morning of his death. As they went out, I followed them to the porter's-lodge. On their way thither, Mr. Chaworth invited his Grace to dine with him and the Nottingham Club that day; but finding that Lord Byron was of the party, the Duke declined the invitation, saying, "You will excuse me; you know I do

“not like his company.” When his Grace came home that night to-bed, I informed him of Mr. Chaworth’s unfortunate death.

“I am extremely sorry,” he replied, “and
“am happy I was not of the party.”

When the house at Thoresby was almost finished, the Duke and Duchess arrived, yet not a lady of fashion came to pay her Grace a visit; the Duchess of Norfolk declared she would *never* visit her, as did many other ladies of the country adjoining; therefore cards were sent to those gentlemen of small fortune who had wives, inviting them to Thoresby for a few days. This was often the case, or she would have had but very few female visitors. However, these attended soon, without any further invitation, on public days: the reason
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of which being on *Sundays*, was owing to some dislike to the company of the clergy. I must confess I did not wonder at this, after the Duke's marriage with Miss Chudleigh.

After being at Thoresby a short time, the Duchess declared to Mr. Sherring, the land-steward, that she should part with all the Duke's old servants, as she did not like them (She knew they were acquainted with her past tricks). Mr. Sherring represented the impropriety of such an act, as some of them were born in the family, and others had lived in it many years : but finding her determined on their discharge, he advised her to do it gradually, lest it might give umbrage to the Duke. She accordingly began
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with Mr. Simpson, the architect, who had lived with his Grace above ten years, managed the building of the house according to Mr. Carr's plan already mentioned, and given great satisfaction. She intercepted and broke open his letters: one was from a gentleman in Lincolnshire, wishing to see him about erecting a hot-house. Now, Sir, the Duke always permitted him to make the most of his profession, so that he did not neglect his Grace's business. This indulgence the Duchess would not allow; she quarrelled with him every day, abusing him more like a fish-woman than a lady, till at last he quitted the Duke's service.

She next attempted your humble servant, though not with equal success. One morning

morning his Grace desired me to remove his clothes from their former place to his wardrobe in a new part of the house, while he was out a-shooting; told me he should not take either of his footmen with him that day, that they might assist me. The instant he was gone, the two men and myself set about our orders. The Duchess met the men with a load as they crossed the court-yard, and made them take it back. I was on some steps reaching the upper shelves when she entered : she took hold of the flap of my coat, and pulled me off, abusing me in her usual manner, for daring, as she said, to remove any thing without *her* permission. I told her it was by the Duke's orders, and I should certainly obey them. She then left me in a dreadful

ful passion. In about half an hour I was sent for to Mr. Sherring's office. He advised me to *acknowledge myself in a fault* for answering the Duchess, and he would take her my concession. This for the sake of peace I agreed to, and never mentioned it to the Duke.

She was one evening afterwards at cards in company with Sir James Laroche and Lady, Sir Francis Molyneux (She little thought, at that time, she should ever be his prisoner), Colonel Litchfield, Captain George Brown, and many more of his Grace's intimate friends. Having made some mistake, it was observed, and the trick challenged by her opponents: but notwithstanding their assertion was corroborated by her own partner, she would
not

not give it up ; and her fury increased to that degree on being opposed, that she abused every one in the room (the poor Duke not daring to say a word), and at last ordered them all to *quit the house*. Sir James and Lady went early the next morning, without taking leave of her ; and before dinner-time not one of the rest remained. I met Captain George Brown as he was going, who told me what had happened over night, saying, “ D——n the B——h, I wish the D——l “ would fly away with her.” My good Lord was now left without a gentleman to speak to. However, the day following a messenger was dispatched with a letter to Colonel Litchfield, who was his Grace’s particular friend and companion. On his return to Thoresby, the Duke was again
made

made happy. The *maîtres d'hotel*, or house-stewards, the Duchesses frequently changed : she had three in two years. Her friend the Duchess of Queensberry recommended one of these, whose name was Graham. This fellow, to gain favour with his new mistress, used to salt legs and shoulders of mutton for the servants-hall, and frequently sent them stinking meat—so bad, that whole joints were thrown into the hog-tub. He affronted the steward's-room-man one day, who resenting it, was overheard accusing him of an attempt to commit a detestable crime. This soon stopped his mouth, and as it got wind, he was thoroughly hated by all the servants about the house. Indeed, myself and a few more knew his character before he came ; but durst not

acquaint his Grace, for fear of the resentment of the Ducheſs, who would have called it malice. One night being haſtily called to wait on the Duke, knowing his Grace to be very impatient, I fell down the firſt flight of ſtairs, owing to the careleſſneſs of the ſteward's-room-man, in not lighting the lamp as uſual. As I reproved him for his neglect rather ſharply, his Grace afterwards enquired the reaſon : on my telling him, he ſaid I ſhould have acquainted Graham. I answered, he was of ſo infamous a character, that I never would ſpeak to him on any account. "No?" ſays his Grace, "then we muſt part. Beſides," he continued, "you never inform me of what's going on in the houſe." I told him I never would ſee him robbed, or wronged in any thing ;

thing; but if every little incident was to be mentioned, his Grace must devote all his time to hear complaints: this I thought as derogatory to his dignity, as it was contrary to my temper and disposition. "Whitehead," says he, "we must part." I comforted myself as well as I could by reflecting on my faithful service, and relying on the promises made by the Duke to provide for me for life, if I quitted him: however, the next morning Colonel Litchfield informed me the Duke thought no more of the affair. Indeed I had fully acquitted him in my mind of any harshness towards me, as I well knew my old friend the Duchess was at the bottom of the business; at the instigation, perhaps, of this Graham, whom I soon afterwards had the satisfaction

tion of seeing discharged, and hooted out of the park by the stable-boys. He had learnt her Grace some pretty tricks during the short time he staid in the family; but this was needless, as she had plenty of them before. When the Duke was a bachelor, the poor people came from the neighbouring villages and cottages, every Monday (the day after the public day), bringing their pitchers for the pot-liquor and broken victuals; and never went empty away: but the scene was now changed, the hog-tub was the only receiver of *her Grace's* bounty. The poor passing their late hospitable benefactor's house, in their way to his Grace of Newcastle, where they were ever sure of relief, was not a pleasing sight to any humane mind. Our steward's room was

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now

now allowed but two bottles of wine at dinner, and one at supper, for sixteen people; no servant permitted to see a friend, or to ask them into the steward's room. She ordered the curtains to be taken down, that she might see all over the room: as the second best stair-case commanded a full view of it, if the servants were not gone to bed before their Graces went up stairs, she would send down orders for that purpose; saying, she would have no guzzling at that time of night. The porter had special orders to send from the gate every person who wanted any favour or assistance. Indeed, if the hearty curses of the poor did her Grace any good, she never failed to enjoy enough of them; not one could give her a good word.

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But I exceed my usual limits : shall
therefore only add that I am, and ever
shall remain,

Your very humble Servant,

T. W.

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LETTER XIII.

To W. M. Esq.

S I R,

THE usual amusement of the Duchefs, in the morning of a wet day when at Thoresby, was a concert; during the performance of which she generally indited her letters, having several pens employed at the same time in different languages. She would talk likewise to Mr. Simpson the architect about some alterations, and yet be very attentive to the music; would often cry, "Bravo! bravo! Miss Bate, do me the favour of singing that again.
" Mr.

“ Mr. Main (the librarian), you write
 “ so and so: Mrs. —, you write — :
 “ and you, Miss —, &c.” This was all
 done by her with the greatest ease and
 perspicuity imaginable. I never heard
 of her equal; she being endowed with
 an uncommon share of sense, though too
 often it was applied to very bad pur-
 poses. Her band generally consisted of
 the following performers, viz. Mr.
 Markordt, harpsicord, a servant, as mu-
 sic-master; Colonel Glover, first violin;
 Mr. Zun, second violin, groom of the
 chamber; myself, tenor, the Duke’s va-
 let; Mr. Siprihni, violoncello; Mr. Lilly,
 sen. first horn, footman to the Dukes;
 Mr. Presley, second horn, footman like-
 wise; and Miss Bate sung.

When their Graces expected company to tea and cards, the music was ordered to play them up stairs into the drawing-room, her three maids of honour to attend and usher the ladies into her presence, being at those times ranged in a row, according to precedence. When tea was over, and the visitors ready for cards, the music ceased. Whenever her Grace hired a young woman for one of her maids of honour, her caution to them was, "Take care of the men; they will first squeeze your hand, next kiss you: growing bolder, they will attempt your bosom; which gained, they will soon try for *something else*: now be you a good girl, and remember my advice." At dinner time, and in company of a dozen or more, I have often known the Duchess

rise

rise from table, having stuffed most immoderately, go into the adjoining room, leaving the door open, where after violently cascading in the hearing of all, a glass of Madeira was sent as a bracer: she would then return to her company smiling, and say, "I beg your pardon; a fit of the gout just took me in the stomach; but I am now much better." "We are extremely happy to hear that your Grace is better; you must have another glass of Madeira—Pray fill her Grace a good bumper, and we will take one to drink to her better health." "Indeed it will be too much for me." "Oh no, your Grace *must* have it; it will do you good." "Well, if you insist." After the bumpers had gone round, Sir, the conversation recommenced. "Now your

“ Grace must endeavour to eat a bit;
 “ your stomach being empty, it will do
 “ you infinite service.” The dinner and
 deffert being over, and well washed down
 with plenty of her favourite liquor, “ Well,
 “ my good Duchefs, how does your Grace
 “ now ?” “ I think I find myself a very
 “ little better ; and if this good com-
 “ pany will excuse me, I will retire to the
 “ next room.” “ By all means, if it will
 “ be conducive to your Grace’s health.”
 Her maids of honour were then called ;
 the Duke attended her to the room ;
 and when she was fettled on the fopha,
 he returned, ordering the door to be fhut.
 As the company were generally now
 more quiet than ufual, for fear of dif-
 turbing her flumbers, ſhe, in return for
 ſuch complaifance, entertained them with
 the

the melody of her throat and nostrils till tea-time. When she re-entered the room, she would be much better, except a violent head-ach that troubled her : thus she continued, with a white pocket-handkerchief tied round her head till cards began. Now should any trick of Dame Fortune discompose her sweet temper (which was but too often the case), if the company escaped, the servants were sure of feeling the effects of her resentment the remainder of the evening. It was her usual custom in hot weather, while at table, to rise from her chair, and fan herself, by taking hold of her petticoats, and well shaking them ; then looking round to the footmen (who, as well as the company, generally found their olfactory nerves offended during the operation),

operation), “ Here, turn this dog out
 “ of the room,” says she. Now, Sir, it
 often unfortunately happened that the *of-
 fence* continued to increase, after the *sup-
 posed offender* was banished; in which
 case she artfully contrived to throw the
 blame on the footmen. “ How dare
 “ you, firrah, presume to wait here in
 “ such dirty stockings? Get ye out of
 “ the room immediately, and change
 “ them.” Her Grace was ever com-
 plaining of a pain in her stomach and
 head; though it could not be wondered
 at, for she never allowed nature sufficient
 time to digest her victuals. Between
 breakfast and dinner-time, while airing
 in the park, I have known her order
 the carriage home five or six times, and
 take tea, chocolate, sweet cakes, and
 Madeira,

Madeira, or some other damper, every time she returned.

I cannot help mentioning one instance of her cunning, though I believe other ladies have found this trick answer their ends as well as the Duchess : it was this. When she wanted a sum of money of the Duke, to remit abroad to the funds, or for some other purpose ; if she found any difficulty in procuring it, which was sometimes the case, as she kept his Grace as poor as a mouse, she would order her maid to tell Whitehead, that the Duke was to lie in such a room ; therefore he must see the bed ready that night. One of her maids must now attend, and sit up with her every night ; not leaving her even in
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the day-time, without another supplying her place; nor were they suffered to quit the room, though his Grace might wish to speak to her on particular business; thus keeping him at a distance, till she had gained her point, though it were a month or more.

I am dear Sir, &c.

T. W.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

To W. M. Esq.

S I R,

AS you have often desired me to inform you how I came to live with the Duke, I shall now trouble you with a few lines on that subject. I was two years servant to Mr. Henry, now Sir Henry Oxenden, son of Sir George Oxenden, near Wiggins in Kent, Sir Henry living at Broom-house on Barham Down, the family seat formerly belonging to Sir Basil Dixwell. I engaged in his service the same year that he
married

married a Miss Chudleigh, cousin of our heroine of immortal memory ; though unlike her kinswoman in disposition, being a worthy good woman. Having resided all this time in the country, which did not suit my inclination, I was determined to leave Mr. Oxenden when we got to town : accordingly I gave him warning, telling him I thought I might, at my age, do better for myself in London ; and hoped he would not be my hindrance. He said I might rely on his good offices, if he could be of any service to me : indeed I ever found him a most excellent master. Soon afterwards I was informed that the Duke of Kingston wanted a travelling valet. This news pleased me much : I thought, if I could get into a Duke's service, I should be provided

for, for life. I mentioned it to my worthy master, who gave me a letter of recommendation to his Grace, which I lost no time in taking to the Duke. Having sent it in by the porter, he returned, telling me there had been eight or ten after the place already, and three then waiting to speak to his Grace : “ but,” says he, “ you “ are the man ; I must send the others “ away.” The Duke agreed with me immediately, desired his compliments to Mr. Oxenden, with thanks, telling him he would call on him the next day ; which he did. In a week’s time I became his Grace’s servant, being then in my twenty-fifth year : the Duke was just to a day twenty years older than myself ; both being born the second of April, his Grace in 1712, myself 1732.

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The second year of my service I was taken extremely ill, and sent to Knightsbridge for the air. During this time the Duke met Mr. Oxenden, and mentioning my bad state of health to him, he very kindly offered me an apartment at his house on Barham Down; which I declined with thanks, as I found myself getting better. Two years after this Mr. Oxenden came to town for a few months, and sent for me to his house: he enquired after my health; and whether or no I was happy in the Duke's service. I answered that I was never happier in my life; that his Grace was very good to me. He replied, he was glad to hear me say so; that, had it been otherwise, his intentions were to put me in possession of the Crown Inn, at Rochester; which was the business

business he sent for me concerning, as he could wish to do me a service. I returned him my most sincere thanks for this new mark of his favour, which I shall ever gratefully remember; told him he had already made me completely happy, by his kind recommendation to the Duke, who had shewn a great partiality for me, promising to take care of me as long as I lived; that I relied with confidence on his Grace's honour, which I made no doubt but he would fulfil. Nor should I be disappointed at this day, had it not been for the machinations of a vile woman, who counteracted all his good designs, preventing himself, as well as me, and many others, from enjoying our desires. When the time came that I acquainted his Grace of my inten-

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tions of leaving his service, he expressed no surprise, well knowing the reason : he only desired me not to mention the matter to any one. Soon afterwards their Graces left Thoresby, and went to Plymouth. I was now informed that Mr. Poynter was to quit the Duke's service as master of the horse, and retire upon £.60 per year during pleasure. This gave me reason to expect the same favour from his Grace, especially as I had his word I should be provided for. When the new valet came, recommended by the Duchess, I still kept my place ; dressing the Duke as usual for two months, and shewing my successor every thing in my power. I delivered an inventory of the wardrobe to his Grace, a copy of which I also gave to the new valet, whom I found

as capable of the place as I should of being commanding-officer in the army. I found since, his stay was but short, being succeeded by a servant that lived with Lord Barrington, whose name was Smithers. On a journey to Bath, taking Weymouth in the way, his Grace here expressed his dislike of Smithers, having sent to London for another. The time being come for the departure of myself and Mr. Poynter, we took leave of his Grace, when he presented me with six guineas, to bear my expences; the Duchess likewise gave me a little Moco-box that contained twenty more. We then took leave of the family, and set off for Mr. Poynter's estate, which he had purchased some time before. He was born in the family, and, as a mark of gratitude

to his noble benefactor, had left this estate to the Duke by will, in case his Grace survived him; having obtained it while in the Duke's service. It was worth two hundred per annum; contained seven miles of manor for sporting, and plenty of game; situated in Hertfordshire, within thirty miles of London. Thither we repaired; and Mr. Poynter, being a most excellent shot, soon killed me three brace of partridges; which I took to London with me, leaving a brace with a friend of Mr. Poynter's, as a present: the rest I took to Mr. J. Fozard, an old fellow-servant, we having lived twelve years in the Duke's service together. I staid here four days, and then set off for Bath, he bearing me company as far as Hounslow; where we took leave of each other,

and

and have never met since ; he dying soon after the trial of the Ducheſs. When I arrived at the Three Tuns inn, at Bath, belonging to the Duke's eſtate, the bells were rung ; thinking his Grace was come to town, till I convinced them to the contrary. Here I have reſided ever ſince. I ſhall conclude at preſent, by obſerving, that after my noble maſter's deceaſe, Mr. Poynter, as well as Mr. Williams, and myſelf, were aſtoniſhed to find ourſelves mentioned in the Duke's will as follows :
 “ To Poynter, Whitehead, and Williams,
 “ £.200 each.”

I am, Sir, &c.

T. W.

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L E T.

LETTER XV.

To W. M. Esq.

S I R,

THE most noble and illustrious Prince Evelyn Pierrepont, second and last Duke of Kingston, son of William, only son of the late Duke; Marquis of Dorchester, Earl of Kingston, Viscount Newark, and Baron Pierrepont of Holme Pierrepont, Lieutenant General of his Majesty's Forces, and Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, succeeded his grandfather the 5th March, 1725-6. He has left several nephews and nieces, children

ren of his only sister, the Lady of Sir Philip Meadows. His Grace was one of the first noblemen who discovered their attachment to the present illustrious family on the throne, by the raising a regiment to assist his Majesty's forces in crushing the Rebellion in 1745. He was endowed with many shining virtues : indeed, could he ever have had his will, the severe tongue of slander herself could never have impeached his conduct. Never was man happier than the Duke before he parted with his freedom ; he could then enjoy the company of his friends, which he did at Thoresby in the shooting-season. At that time the Marquis of Granby, Lord Robert Sutton, Colonel Mordaunt, who was one of his Grace's officers in his regiment, and brother to the Earl of Peter-

borough; the Honourable Mr. Bellify, brother to Lord Falconbridge; Colonel Litchfield, Captain George Brown, Sir Charles Sedley, and many others, to the number of twelve or fourteen. The Duke was generally the first up in the morning, giving orders to call the gentlemen: after breakfast they were divided into small parties, taking different routes, first fixing the place and hour of meeting for refreshment: the horses were then loaded with canteens, containing cold provisions of all kinds, and several stew-pans for warming; which was oftener done under a hedge than at a farm-house. Dinner was ordered at six o'clock; the servant's hall dinner was at one, for the stablemen, footmen, &c. I have frequently counted above a hundred set down at

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once. The steward's room dinner was at two; this table would not disgrace a gentleman of ten thousand a year. If any gentlemen called while the Duke was out a-sporting, if the steward's room dinner was ready, they dined with us. The servants were then at board-wages, which were never taken off, though his Grace provided every thing during the company's stay with him. At these times, if he went on a visit ever so long, the servants who attended him enjoyed the same indulgence. I believe, Sir, there are few like him at this day: the present race of young nobility and gentry are too fond of the company of gamblers, who call themselves gentlemen; rather choosing to lose a thousand pounds at a sitting, than keep an hospitable table, or bestow ten pounds

pounds in charity. When the Duke and his company returned to dinner, their conversation chiefly turned on sporting : his Grace was reckoned the best nobleman-shot in England, except Lord Ravensworth, whom the Duke sometimes visited at Denby Dale, in Yorkshire. After they had finished their bottle, cards or conversation took place till supper-time, when some cold things were served up; in particular a loin of mutton, which Lord Robert Sutton was so fond of, that he never sat down to supper without one ; it would do you good to see with what appetite he ate it. I have seen him scrape the bones of a small one entirely himself. His Grace seldom exceeded the hour of twelve, retiring and leaving the gentlemen to enjoy their bottle as long as they

they thought proper. Thus every one was pleased during their stay. Sometimes they took a trip to Holme Pierrepont for variety. The Duke had not such visitors *then*, as he was obliged to put up with after his marriage. He had not the least pride in his composition; would converse with his most menial servant with the greatest affability and good nature; polite to all, having no vulgarity about him; never swore, or called any one out of his name (except that villain Dicks, already mentioned); in return, he expected his orders to be obeyed most scrupulously. He was very whimsical in dressing in the country. I have known him change his shooting-dress four times in a morning before he went out, returning often to change something or other.

other. I shall give you a list of articles taken to Pierrepont only for one week's shooting, viz. Six frocks or jackets; twelve waistcoats, different sorts; thirty pair of breeches; twenty pair of different sorts of stockings; sixteen shirts; six pair of boots; six pair of half boots; six pair of spatterdashies; six pair of shoes; six pair of gloves; three hats, with other things in proportion; add to these his guns, &c. so that his carriage was loaded inside and out, like a stage coach.

The year after his marriage, the Duke took his Duchess with him to Holme Pierrepont estate, worth, as I have been informed, ten thousand pounds per annum; the pasturage being very good, and only four miles from Nottingham. One day's
 4 residence

residence did for her Grace ; she would not stay there on any account ; the church being so near the house, she said, it put her in mind of her mortality ; to think her remains must lie there, made her very unhappy ; she therefore returned to Thoresby the next day, desiring her *dear Lord* would stay there till the Saturday following with the rest of the gentlemen, making themselves as easy as they could in her absence ; though she might have spared herself that speech, they being always much happier without her company than with it. This was ever the opinion of all her Grace's acquaintance, and servants, as well as that of, Sir,

Your humble servant,

T. W.

LETTER XVI.

To W. M. Esq.

S I R,

I CANNOT forbear giving you some little account of the tiresome journeys I have frequently taken, while in his Grace's service, leaving you to judge whether I was deserving or not of the promises so often made by the Duke, as formerly mentioned. Coming from London to Thoresby, his Grace intended to lie that night at Mr. Crabtree's, the George, at Grantham; which is one hundred and ten miles; the stone stands
close

close to the gateway. The Rev. Richard Sutton of Kelham accompanied the Duke, who always called him *Dickey*. We left London at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Grantham at six in the evening. There had been a wedding kept that day at Crabtree's; and the house being dirty, his Grace would not stay, but ordered the horses on immediately for Newark, thirteen miles farther, to the sign of the Duke of Kingston's Arms. When we got there, a company or two of soldiers were just come to town, and all the rooms were taken up by the officers; we therefore went on to Scarthingmore, within three miles of Tuxford. This house was built by the Duke for drovers, &c. One Wadsworth took it, who had been waiter

at Marmaduke Skerry's, commonly called *Duke Skerry*, who kept the George inn at Stamford. As Wadsworth was much respected, and the house likely to succeed as an inn, his Grace ordered several additions to be made, which rendered it fit to accommodate any travellers of what rank or respectability soever. This was thirteen miles farther, and within ten miles of Thoresby; seven of which were cross the country. The Duke therefore determined to stay here the night, especially as it was now past eleven o'clock. I made his Grace's bed, which I always did myself on a journey. After supper, he asked me, "If I had put his sheets and mattresses on?" I answered, I put on the *sheets*; but there being a very good mattress, I had not put his Grace's

Grace's on. "Then," says he, "put it on immediately." I was obliged therefore to remake the bed, though very much fatigued with so long a journey. We reached Thoresby the next morning at twelve o'clock.

When I mentioned this circumstance to Mr. Poynter, "What's that," says he, "to what happened to me during the Rebellion? His Grace had a tent-bedstead, which was put up every night during the march. I left it behind, and was obliged to go back twenty miles to fetch it, before he would go to bed. This made me remember not to neglect any thing for the future." I now thought myself well off, and secretly made the same resolution.

solution. Another time his Grace came from London on purpose to dine with Lord Robert Sutton, according to promise : this was one hundred and twenty-six miles. When we reached Duke Skerry's at Stamford, his Grace had a small refreshment. Having rode ninety miles, I thought he would have excused me from waiting on him at table ; but he insisted on my attendance. We then proceeded on our journey to Lord Sutton's, and arrived just as the second course was serving in.

His Grace, with Dr. Richard Sutton, being determined another time to go from Thoresby to Newmarket in one day, sent his carriage the preceding evening to Duke Skerry's at Stamford, with two footmen, to be ready the next morning,

morning, intending to ride thither on horseback himself. I must confess I felt myself a little piqued, in not being allowed to go in the carriage with the footmen the evening they departed ; it being a great way to ride on horseback to Newmarket. However, we set off early the next morning across the country, as though on a fox-chase, for Grantham, to the inn with this couplet written on the sign-post, which held a bee-hive,

“ Two rarities are, Grantham, only thine ;

“ A lofty steeple, and a living sign.”

Here a post-chaise was ordered for the Duke and the Doctor, to take them to Stamford ; where we were no sooner arrived, than the Duke told me I might have a chaise if I pleased. I believe I was

wrong in refusing his kind offer ; but I thanked his Grace, telling him, as I had rode so far, I would endeavour to reach Newmarket on horseback, which I effected. After his Grace was gone to bed that night, on searching his pockets (which I always did before I put away his clothes), I found fix guineas. When he came to dress the next morning as usual, I gave him the money, together with some papers, and a few shillings. He returned the money, saying, “ Here, White-head, you had a hard journey yesterday ; take this for your resolution.” Though I every night took papers as well as money from his pockets, yet I can safely swear, that, during the whole time of my servitude, I never once looked at the inside of any letter they contained.

Another

Another fatiguing journey I underwent with his Grace from Thoresby to Bath, in company with Sir James La-roche. We set out at seven in the morning, dined at Birmingham, and lay at the Hop-pole at Worcester. I never felt more pain on a journey in my life; it being a wet day, and the roads very bad. We were compelled likewise to wait for horses at almost every stage, making it so late that it was near twelve o'clock before we reached Worcester. For several of the last miles I was so tired, that I rode aside, like a woman, for ease. I had likewise caught a violent cold from being so often wet. The Duke perceiving me look ill, ordered me to get something good and warm going to bed.

The next morning we set off; and, after riding about a mile, I experienced the loss of a piece in the *seat of my buck-skin breeches*. This was a circumstance that never happened to me before, even on the longest journey. When we got to the Bell Inn at Gloucester, I begged his Grace would indulge me with a chaise: he desired me to get on the seat. This came very unexpectedly, the Duchess not being then with him. I told him I was so sore it was impossible I could bear the shaking of the box; he therefore ordered a chaise for me and Sir James Laroche's servant the rest of the way.

I shall trouble you with the recital of one more journey, which was from London to Bath; wherein I was near losing
 1 my

my life. Sir James Laroche was again of the party. We came very well to Speenhill: the Duke's carriage had got about three hundred yards before I could mount my horse, which was near sixteen hands high. The master of the Inn (Mr. Smith), and the ostler who held him while I mounted, never told me of his tricks. He carried me very well to the top of Marlborough Hill, where I dismounted to walk down part of the hill. On endeavouring to remount, the instant one foot was in the stirrup, before I could gain my seat, he set off full speed down the remaining part of the hill. On passing the Duke's carriage I recovered my seat, but could not regain the other stirrup. I was divided in my opinion, whether I should throw myself off on one

side, or slip down by his tail; being chiefly afraid of his falling with me, or running against some carriage on the road, as it was now dark. However, I got safe to near the beginning of the town; where he came to, at last, after I had pulled and sawed his mouth with the bit all the way to very little purpose. Here Mr. Fozard, Sir James's servant, came up with me, saying, he was happy to find me on horseback; as he expected to hear me groaning on the road, with my bones broke. When we got to the Castle Inn at Marlborough, I believe I drank near two quarts of warm punch, to recover my spirits, and ate a hearty supper. The next morning when we set off, I soon found myself seized with a pain in my stomach, and my speech totally gone. I

got

got off my horse near a mill-dam, at some railing, leaning my stomach over the rails. Mr. Fozard was on a good way before ; but missing me, came back and found me in this posture. He spoke to me : I could not answer, but made signs for something to drink. Being somewhat easier, I mounted and rode on to a little pot-house, at about a quarter of a mile distance : here I got a glass of brandy, and then followed the Duke's carriage, Mr. Fozard never quitting me. In half an hour afterwards my speech returned, and I arrived at Bath without farther pain. The next morning, as I was making out the travelling expences, which I always did at the end of a journey, his Grace told me, when I had done writing, he would dress. I rose up to answer him, but

but found my speech had again left me. Mr. Wake the apothecary was immediately sent for, who bled me. I was put to bed, and in about four days perfectly recovered. I believe, Sir, you think it almost incredible that a post-horse should run away with his rider : but I assure you that it happened to me once before, coming from Thoresby to London. I went forward to bespeak dinner, from Biggleswade to the Swan at Stevenage. The moment I passed the turnpike my horse set off. Had I been to gain the Duke's estate by stopping him, I could not effect it : it was well for me that the road was rather wide, and he had the sagacity to avoid the carriages he met, or passed, as I had no power over his mouth. He kept the same pace all the way

way to the inn-yard, fourteen miles, where he stopped very quietly. This, however, gave time for his Grace's dinner to be ready to put on the table the instant he arrived. We reached London about seven o'clock that evening; one hundred and ten miles in twelve hours. The next day his Grace set out for Farnham in Surrey, to purchase Pierrepont Lodge: the journey was performed in less than four hours. At Plymouth afterwards I had a return of my dumb complaint: here the Duke sent for Dr. Gooch, by whose prescription I recovered my speech in a few days. I have had two returns since at Bath, but not within these last seven years. Perhaps this disorder was owing to the fright at Marlborough, and drinking the punch: indeed, I have experienced

enced since, that acids of any kind, if ever so sparingly taken, will bring on the complaint in my stomach ; for which reason I dare not eat an apple or orange, unless very sweet and ripe.—During the sixteen years that I served the Duke, I had but two lots of clothes given me ; the first amounting to fifty, the second to near ninety pounds : though his Grace, when Mr. Poynter was his valet, gave his wardrobe regularly the Saturday before Easter Newmarket-meeting, and the Saturday before October meeting ; never less than twenty pounds worth at a time. At the Duke's decease, his wardrobe was not worth less than £.2000. This I might say I had been working for day and night—in riding post these and many more disagreeable journeys during

during my servitude. At his Grace's marriage, when Mr. Fozard left him, I should have followed his example, had not the Duke promised to provide for me. The second time I mentioned the matter, his Grace replied, "Never speak to me again on this subject; I certainly will take care of you, that you shall never want." I thanked his Grace, and never renewed my application afterwards. He died within a twelvemonth after I quitted his service, to the disappointment of the hopes and wishes of,

Dear Sir,

Your very obliged humble Servant,

T. W.

L E T.

LETTER XVII.

To W. M. Esq.

S I R,

MRS. Aurefs, the widow of the clergy-
man who married Captain Hervey
to Miss Chudleigh (as mentioned in my
first letter), coming to London soon after
her husband's death, was often invited to
Knightsbridge by Miss C——, who
made very much of her, for reasons
that I need not mention. At that time
one Thomas Phillips lived with the Duke
as butler; whom Miss C—— soon
contrived to get married to Mrs. Aurefs.
She

She had provided him with a place, which was steward of the Holme Pierrepont estate, having a house given him within fifty yards of the Duke's. Here they resided till near two years after his Grace's marriage. Phillips now assumed the great man; screwing the tenants so intolerably that they made heavy complaints of him. He would take hay, straw, or poultry from them, as he pleased. A poor woman's sow with a litter of young pigs were taken away, and sent to Nottingham market by him, where they were sold; never returning any of the money; the poor woman being afraid to remonstrate with him, as he threatened to turn any of the Duke's tenants out of their farm, who gave him the least offence. This latter story being told his Grace, with

with many more, he went to Hone-lane, to the inn belonging to his Grace's estate, kept by Mr. Sandy, and ordered dinner. During the preparation he looked over his young stud; as he always kept his brood mares there in paddocks, the pasturage being very good. He likewise fattened all his own beef. When a drove of Scotch cattle came through Palethorp, the landlord of the inn, who formerly was groom to Madame la Touche, picked out as many of the pollards as he thought his Grace might want, and turned them into the park (never letting cattle with horns be with the stud) till the fat ones were wanted; the others were then driven to Holme Pierrepont, where they were soon fattened. His Grace returning to dinner, discoursed
with

with Mr. Sandy, and questioned him concerning the stories about Phillips : finding them true, he was soon afterwards discharged. Phillips then took a house at Bristol ; living on what he had squeezed from the poor tenants, about four years, and then died. What became of his wife, I know not.

The year after I left the Duke, part of his Grace's stud was sold by auction by Mr. Sandy ; so much to the satisfaction of the Duke, and finding no one more capable of taking the stewardship at Holme Pierrepont, being well acquainted with all the estate, he was appointed to that office immediately ; and continues in the same station now, under the Honourable Charles Pierrepont.

point. I know I have been blamed for leaving his Grace; but I could not brook the treatment I continually received from the Duchefs. When the Duke came afterwards to Bath, where he died, I was informed of his arrival and illness by one of his servants, who likewise told me his Grace wanted very much to see me; that he enquired for me two or three times a day. I went immediately to his house, sending the servant to inform the Duchefs (as no one durst wait on his Grace, or even carry a message to him, without her leave). She sent me word to call the next morning. When I attended, the same orders were sent for calling in the evening, and then in the morning again. This continued for three days, without ever letting me see him, though the servant informed me that

that his Grace was always asking for me, taking it unkind I did not wait upon him: He durst not acquaint him with my unsuccessful attempts for that purpose, for fear of his kind lady's resentment. I then wrote a letter, begging Dr. Rains to deliver it to my honoured master, though to no purpose; he durst not. This Dr. Rains the Duke had a great opinion of, having brought him from Thoresby. I next wrote to the Duchess, begging the favour of attending on his Grace during his illness; being so long used to his person, and better acquainted with his manner than the servant who then waited on him. This was he whom the Duchess recommended from Lord Barrington, as already mentioned. I believe she foresaw she might want his

Lordship's assistance (see her Trial). She
 sent me answer, that when she wanted
 she would send for me. As I almost
 now despaired of seeing my dear Lord,
 I was determined to make one grand
 push for that purpose. Accordingly I
 went the next morning, and entered a
 room on the left hand, as you go into
 the Abbey bath-house. In about two
 minutes I heard the Duke at the top of the
 stairs enquiring, "Where's Whitehead?"
 —the Duchess at the same time asking
 him if he would have his chair brought
 in. "No," said he, "I want to see
 "Whitehead." I instantly rushed past
 her Grace, who endeavoured to stop me
 at the bottom of the stair-case, asking
 me where I was going. I met the good
 Duke with tears in my eyes. I never
 saw

saw a man so altered in so short a time.
The Duchess hurried him immediately
into the chair, obliging me to go away;
and I never spoke to him afterwards.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

T. W.

LETTER XVIII.

To W. M. Esq.

S I R,

AFTER the Duke's death, the Ducheſs ſent for me, and asked me to accompany his funeral as one of the chief mourners, Mr. Poynter being the other, who met us at Loughborough, near Nottingham, on his way from London to Holme Pierrepont. The next day we arrived at Bunny, where reſting to arrange ſome matters a ſhort time, we again departed for Holme Pierrepont; within four miles of which we were met
by

by the Duke of Newcastle (an intimate friend of his late Grace), and about a hundred more, noblemen and gentlemen of his particular acquaintance; upwards of fifty carriages, with three times the number of horsemen, the foot people lining the road all the way of men, women and children an incredible number: I never saw so many on such an occasion, either before or since. After some little refreshment at Holme Pierrepont, the procession began. As the house joined the church-yard, they had not far to walk. When the corps was deposited in the vault with his ancestors, the Duke of Newcastle pressed my shoulder, saying, "Whitehead, this is a sorry meeting; "you have lost a good friend, and I "an agreeable companion; but do not

“ be unhappy, I will be a friend to you ;
 “ you may make my house your own
 “ whenever you please.” I bowed, and
 thanked his Grace. The spring of 1790
 he was at Bath. As I called to see his
 man, the Duke saw me at some distance,
 and beckoned me to him. On my ap-
 proach, he very kindly asked me how I
 did. I told his Grace what had happen-
 ed to me. He answered, “ I know it
 “ well, you have been ill used. I think
 “ you should get somebody to speak to
 “ Mr. Pierrepont for you ; as he has
 “ the estate, he may make your life
 “ comfortable.” On informing him I
 knew no one for that purpose, he very
 kindly offered his good offices the first
 opportunity ; adding, “ Here, White-
 “ head, in the mean time accept of a
 “ small

“small present from an old friend;”
 putting his purse in my hand.

Being desired by the Duchess herself to attend the funeral, I made no doubt of her Grace's reimbursement for the expences of putting myself in mourning, and other necessaries for the journey; together with the loss of my business, near a fortnight, being obliged to pay a person to officiate for me at the Theatre, &c. The distance from Bath was one hundred and forty-three miles. However, I never got a six-pence, or thanks for my trouble. I wrote several times to the Duchess, but never could obtain an answer. I likewise sent a letter to France, directed to Captain Evelyn Meadows,

dows, who was then the greatest favourite with her Grace (the Duchess doing nothing without first consulting him); but this application was equally unsuccessful as the former ones. Perhaps the conscience of the Duchess reproached her for the injury she did the Captain, in setting the Duke against him, and persuading his Grace to leave his estate from him; he being the next heir at law, if the Duke had died without a will. He was the eldest son of Lady Frances Meadows, the Duke's sister; whom, during the whole time that I lived with his Grace, he never saw. Mr. Meadows, Mr. Charles Meadows, now Mr. Pierrepont, General Meadows, who is now in the East Indies, and two other brothers, were permitted to see the
Duke

Duke within four years of his marriage: but the porter had particular orders never to let in the Captain on any account whatever. I have been informed (but cannot vouch for the truth of the story), that Captain Evleyn had disoblighd Miss Chudleigh, by using ill some young lady of her acquaintance, whom he paid his addressees to. I never heard the reason of his Grace's dislike to his sister, to her husband, or the other three sons; but find it continued till his death. The first time the Duchess sent for Captain Evelyn to France, she dispatched a favourite servant, whom she first took as a chairman into her service, but soon promoted him to be her footman and chief confident, till her marriage with the Duke, when he was made butler,

in the room of Mr. Fozard, who resigned. This person, whose name was Williams, was to wait on the Captain, and bring him to France in her yacht, that waited at Dover for that purpose; but the Captain *then* rejected her offer, and would not go. This I had from Mr. Williams's own mouth afterwards at Bath, who likewise promised me to speak to her Grace concerning my expences at the Duke's funeral, on his return to France, and send me her answer. Mr. Picking her steward was likewise with him; who told me, should any thing happen to the person who then overlooked the Duke's Bath estate, he would endeavour to get me appointed to succeed him; but I never heard from either of them afterwards.

In the year 1788, Mr. Charles Pierre-
point being at Bath, the moment I was
informed of it, I took the liberty of
writing him a note on the subject. An-
swer was brought me, that he had quitted
town, but the note should be sent after
him. I certainly should have waited on
him, had I known it in time. In a few
days I received the following letter:

Chute Park, near Andover, Sept. 30, 1780.

“ Mr. WHITEHEAD,

“ YOURS of the 28th I received
before I left Bath. I know not why
you preferred writing, when speaking to
me was certainly more natural. You seem
to have confounded two things. I am
the representative not of the late Dukes,
but

but of the late Duke of Kingston. If you were aggrieved by the former, though I may from general humanity, it is certainly no concern of mine—but if you had cause of complaint from the Duke, respect to his memory would naturally make me take cognizance of it. To the Bath estate there is but one receiver, who is usually a person bred to the law.

I am ever, Mr. Whitehead,

Very much your servant,

C. PIERREPOINT."

I believe Mr. Pierrepont did not know there was an extra person employed to collect the rents, who paid them into the hands of the attorney alluded to in his letter. In last September I met Mr.

Sandy

Sandy at Bath, whom I have mentioned in a former letter. He informed me, that if Mr. Pierrepont intended to do me service, he *now* had an opportunity, as there was an office vacant, which he thought me very capable of undertaking: that on his return to Thoresby he would mention the matter, and send me word. In the December following not hearing from him, I wrote him a letter, to which he returned this answer:

“ S I R,

“ UPON my return home yesterday out of Yorkshire, where I have been for some weeks, I received your favour. I have but very lately had an opportunity of speaking to Mr. Pierrepont about you,
as

as you requested ; which I have done in as strong terms as I was able; but he gave me for answer, that he would not give you a single shilling. He seems displeased at your selling the legacy you had left you by the late Duke.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

Holme Lane,
17th Jan. 1790.

W. SANDY."

This legacy, I have already acquainted you, Sir, was £.200. On my failure in business as a music-feller, I mortgaged it for £.150 to pay my creditors; paying five per cent for the money. In ten years after the Duke's decease, the legacies were advertised to be paid. I went
to

to Mr. Field's chambers in the Temple, to receive the remaining part of mine; which, with the interest thereon, amounted to £80. I then mentioned the Duchess's ill treatment concerning my journey with the Duke's corpse. He told me I certainly ought to be paid; and he should be very happy to do it, but could not without her Grace's orders. This was the gentleman the Duchess sent for in great haste to Bath, to add a codicil to his Grace's will during his last illness. It was her intention to deprive all those who had legacies, or annuities granted them, of the benefit thereof, by cutting them off in the codicil; but Mr. Field would not consent to it on any account; a lucky circumstance

N

for

for many, who would otherwise have been quite ruined.

I cannot help wondering in what manner I had offended Mr. Pierrepont, as to cause him to turn his back so much upon me ; unless it was this : The year after his Grace's decease, Mr. Pierrepont's elder brother, Captain Evelyn Meadows, came to Bath, and asked me some questions concerning the Duchess's behaviour to the Duke, in order if possible to set the will aside. I told him of her ill-treatment of my good lord ; that he had no will to act as he pleased ; that he could not even go an airing without her leave ; with many other things, the chief part of which I have related to you, Sir, in my former letters.

He

He wished I would make a memorandum of them, and give it to his attorney; and likewise accompany him to Bristol, to find out Mr. Phillips's wife, the late Mrs. Aurefs, promising to reward me for my trouble. You see how I have been rewarded on all sides for my faithful services. I must remark that the wary Duchess, foreseeing what might be the consequences of the Duke's death, should she survive him, had caused him to write every word of the will relating to herself, *with his own hand*, thus putting it out of the power of even her old friend, the Devil, to set it aside.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

N 2

T. W.

LETTER XIX.

To W. M. Esq.

S I R,

WHEN Sir Charles Sedley came to Bath, the spring after the Duke's death, as he was generally laid up with the gout, and I always a great favourite of his, he sent for me, and told me the Duchess had written him a letter to Nuttal, sending it by one of her grooms, desiring to have the pleasure of his company at Thoresby, in his way to Newmarket, having something particular to communicate. When he waited on her,

he

he found the apartments stripped of every thing of value, so that it put him in mind of Sharp's lodgings in the Lying Valet. She kept him up till three o'clock in the morning, telling what grievances she sustained; that it had cost her sixteen hundred pounds in law since the Duke's death, which was but five months; that Lord Mansfield had the chief part of it. She added, she had been so ill-treated since her worthy lord's decease, that she was determined to quit *this vile country*, and reside in France, where she should have proper respect shewn to her; for that reason she had sent all the best of the furniture, with the pictures and plate, except the gilt plate belonging to the chapel (which by the by she dispatched off with the rest, but was obliged to return it,

saying, she did not know it was in her possession). The Duke's service of plate was one of the richest in the kingdom. Sir Charles told me, it was out of respect to his late Grace that he called to see her, not from any regard to her; as he well knew her deceit.

He had a great friendship for the Duke: a few years before his Grace's death they joined their studs of horses. When Captain Shafto's famous horse Goldfinder was sold, they bought him between them; agreeing, that he should be the sole property of the longest liver. His Grace being once on a visit to Sir Charles at Nuttal, the Baronet was taken very ill in his bowels. As he was ever jocose, though in the greatest pain,

pain, he said, " Now, Duke, you will
 " soon have Goldfinder." " No," re-
 " plied his Grace, " that I will not;
 " for I will cure you myself; I shall
 " go home directly, and send you a
 " bottle of castor oil, a large spoonful
 " of which you must take in a glass of
 " any thing you are fond of." The
 Duke set off on horseback immediately,
 not letting the grass grow under his
 feet: as soon as he arrived, the groom was
 dispatched with the oil, having orders
 to wait at Nuttal till the next morn-
 ing, to bring word how it succeeded.
 When he returned he brought a message
 from Sir Charles, that the Duke was
 a good doctor, had quite cured him,
 and he should come personally the next
 day to give his Grace thanks.

I have known Sir Charles go to the post-office in Lombard-street on purpose to purchase letters, whose owners could not be found; diverting himself and company with their contents.—He did not long survive the Duke, dying a martyr to the gout.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

T. W.

LET-

LETTER XX.

To W. M. Esq.

S I R,

THE last time the Duke and Duchess came to Bath, she took lodgings of Mrs. Hodgkinson, in the Orange-Grove, for one month: but not finding them agreeable, she removed before the expiration of the time agreed on to the Abbey Bath-house, from whence she again removed his Grace to the centre house on the South Parade, where he died. During his illness she sat by his bed-side, when any of the faculty or others entered, with

with a prayer-book in her hand. His convulsions were so strong, that three men could scarcely hold him, biting his tongue almost through.

Some time after his Grace's death, Mrs. Hodgkinson, expecting to be paid for the full time the lodgings were engaged, was informed by the Duchess she never would agree to it. As she was ever positive in every thing she said, not bearing to have her will disputed, therefore, rather than pay this just demand, she made her a present, a short time afterwards, of a piece of plate ten times the value of the debt. This circumstance, amongst many others, proved her worthy of the motto under her coat of arms, *Aut vincit aut perit*.

The

The Mr. Fozard, whom I have so often mentioned, lived with the Duke from a child : he was recommended to his Grace by Colonel Litchfield : on his quitting his Grace's service, at his marriage with Miss Chadleigh, Fozard married her maid. With what he had saved, and the assistance of the Colonel, he took Hall's stables at Hyde Park corner, now kept by his widow and eldest son. Captain Evelyn Meadows's horses standing at livery at his stables ; Fozard talking one day to him, concerning the Duke's will, informed him, that he knew some people who could prove the Duchess to be the wife of Lord Bristol ; his own wife had heard Mrs. Craddock say, that she saw them married and bedded. And a Mrs. Bird, who lived with

Miss

Miss C—— at the same time with his wife, could prove something material. This Mrs. Bird was afterwards subpoenaed to town for the trial, but was not called upon, Mrs. Craddock's evidence being sufficient to prove the marriage; and Sir Cæsar Hawkins proved her having a child by Lord Bristol. Mrs. Craddock was then in town; being come from Thoresby, where the Duchess had treated her very ill: the story is as follows. Her Grace had promised her thirty pounds per annum for her life, with the proviso she would live at Yarm, in the North Riding of Yorkshire (no doubt she had some reasons for this injunction). Mrs. Craddock did not like the distance from London, being so far from her friends and acquaintance. Soon afterwards

afterwards the Duchess went to Lincoln, taking Mrs. Craddock with her, where she left her for some time after her return to Thoresby. During Mrs. Craddock's absence, there came a letter directed for her. As her Grace always took the liberty of opening the post-bag and every packet, though directed to the Duke, she made no scruple of making free with this letter likewise, wherein Mrs. C——— was desired to send word, to whom she would have the interest of three hundred pounds paid, which she had in the stocks. This was hitherto a secret to the Duchess, not knowing her to be worth a shilling. Her husband had acquired this money, in a place that Captain Harvey got for him in the Customs. On this discovery her Grace was

exceedingly

exceedingly enraged, sending immediately to Lincoln for her return. When she came and was informed that the Duchefs had opened her letter, she was ready to sink : her Grace abused her for her fecrecy. She excused herself as well as she could, and told the Duchefs, if she would allow her but £20. instead of £30 letting her reside in London, she should be happy. Her Grace answered she might go and live wherever she pleased, as she never would grant her a fixpence. Mrs. Craddock immediately departed for London, as aforefaid ; where Captain Meadows took care of her, till the trial commenced : though the Duchefs endeavoured to kidnap her, having persons employed for that purpose. During the trial, the Duchefs was in the custody of Sir Francis Molyneux,

lyneux, Usher of the Black Rod, at her own house at Knightsbridge, where Sir Francis continued with her until the trial was ended. As she was never at a loss for contrivances, she now planned her escape. She invited a large party of friends to dine with her on the day after her trial ended : having previously arranged matters for her journey, the instant Sir Francis discharged his prisoner, she departed in Sir James Laroche's carriage to Dover ; where her packet waited to take her to France. The next day her own vis-a-vis was seen driving about London streets, with Miss Bell Chudleigh, her cousin, and another lady. The Duchess's carriage being so well known, and Miss Bell so much like her Grace, many considerable bets were lost, by people who

who believed her to be the Duchefs. I fhall conclude by obferving (what would be a good hint to Captain Evelyn Meadows, if it ever came to his knowledge), that, prior to the trial, the Duchefs put fome of his Grace's jewels, fuch as his diamond ftar, garter, george, large pearl button, &c. under the communion-place in one of the foreign ambaffadors' chapels. If the Captain is not in poffeffion of them, by his coming or fending to Bath, I can inform him of a lady, who comes here every winter, that was with her Grace, when they were depofited in the chapel.

I fhall ever remain,

Dear Sir, yours, &c.

T. W.

LETTER XXI.

To W. M. Esq.

London.

S I R,

IN my way to the city I called to see
 a female who lived many years in
 the service of the late Dukes of King-
 ston, and who was present at her death.
 She gave me some little account of the
 cause of breaking her blood vessel, which
 was the occasion of her death soon after.
 The story is thus: The Dukes having lost
 the last cause, wherein she was much in-
 volved by ———, a house with many
 alterations

alterations which she ordered to it; the land belonging to the estate being good for nothing, but to feed rabbits; the law-suit and her former extravagance in equipage, living, and jaunting from place to place, brought her so low, that she was obliged to pawn great part of her jewels for common necessaries of life. Early in the morning a messenger waited upon the Duchess, to acquaint her she had lost her suit: the message being given to her page, Mr. L****, he went to her apartment, and told her attendant to acquaint her Grace. She called her mistress up, and in the course of a subsequent conversation said, "Suppose, "Madam, the suit should be tried sooner "than you expected?" "Then," said her Grace, "I suppose I have lost it." "I don't

“ I don't know, Madam,” replied the attendant : “ there is Mr. L****, ask “ him.” Mr. L**** was accordingly questioned, and told her it was but too true, that the cause was lost. Captain E—— M—— was hereupon called, who advised her to order a carriage immediately, and set out for ———. In the mean time he desired Mr. L**** to keep the messenger in conversation over a bottle of wine, while her Grace made her escape from a private door, which she did, desiring her attendant to send a female servant by the dilly after her. This sudden news of her loss threw her into a violent passion, which was the cause of her bursting a blood vessel soon afterwards.

These circumstances still remaining in her mind, at last absolutely impaired her understanding; she grew indeed so miserable, that she would not allow herself the common necessaries of support, and was thereby, at length, brought so low, that she was obliged to call in one of the faculty: he finding that her disorder originated from uneasiness, thought it necessary to desire she would keep to her Madeira; but in small quantities, and always mixed with water. Early in the morning of her death, she called to her attendant to open the cushion, and lay her head on the pillow by the side of hers: after lying a short time she desired to be helped up; this was done, and she was led to a great-chair: she then desired a stool to put her feet on, and

and asked for a glass of Madeira, which the attendant refused, saying, she must not have any without its being mixed with water." The attendant however, being at last obliged to comply, gave her one: she drank it, and insisted upon having another, which being given, she desired the attendant to sit down by her. This was complied with, and the attendant having seated herself, the Duchess took hold of her hand, and without a struggle, immediately died.—A great consequent confusion instantly arose, every one striving to get what they could, before the broad seal was put on, which was not long first, the officers on these occasions being always ready in waiting for the moment of dissolution.

I find her desire of being buried by the side of the Duke of Kingston, at Holme Pierrepont in Nottinghamshire, and that the coffins might be chained together, is not complied with. She was embalmed, which took up five days labour for five people : this being done, she was laid in a vault without any burial service, where the corpse was to remain, till the executors thought proper to send for it.

S I R, 4 AP 54

I remain as before,

Yours, &c.

T. W.

FINIS.

